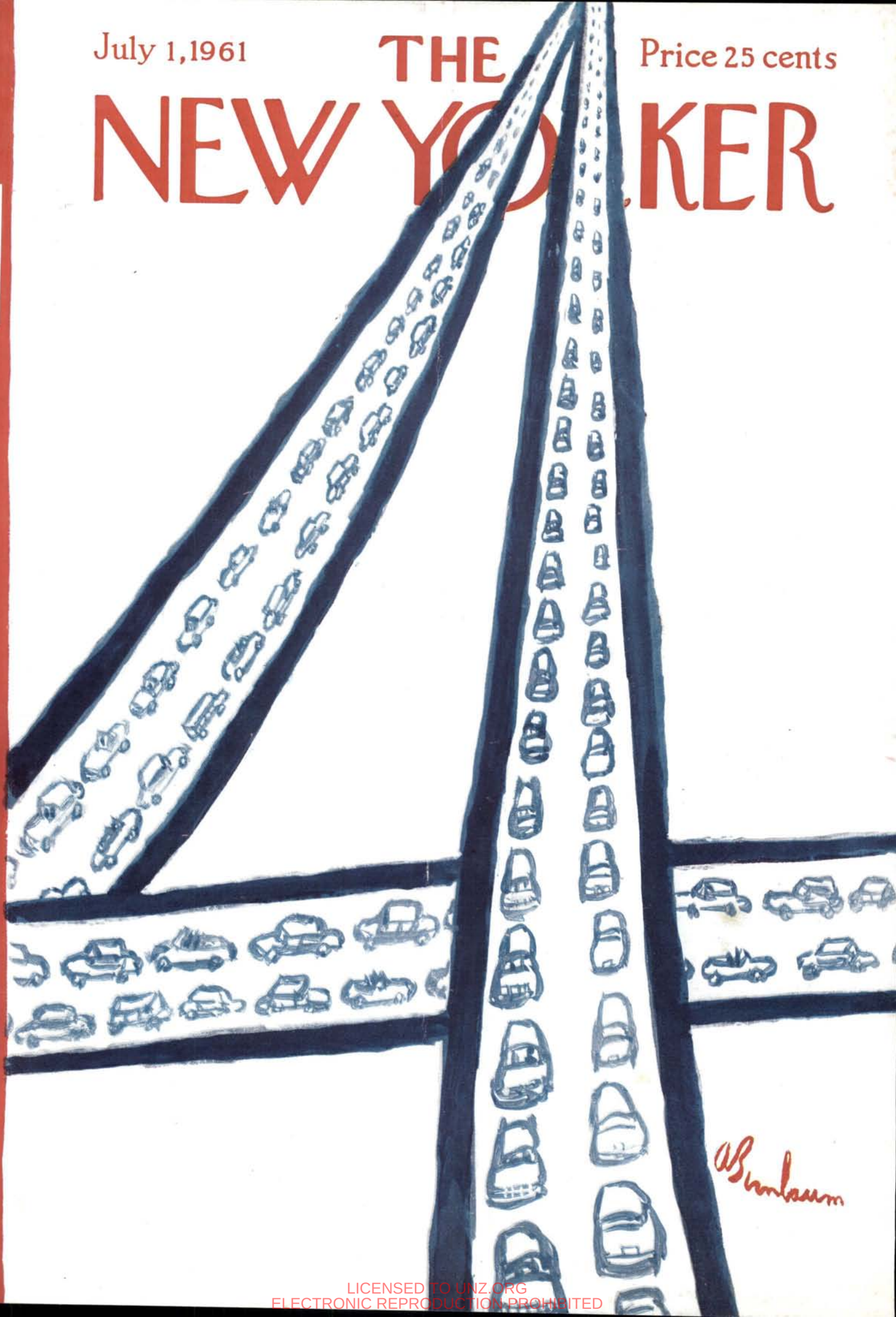


July 1, 1961

THE

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NEW YORKER





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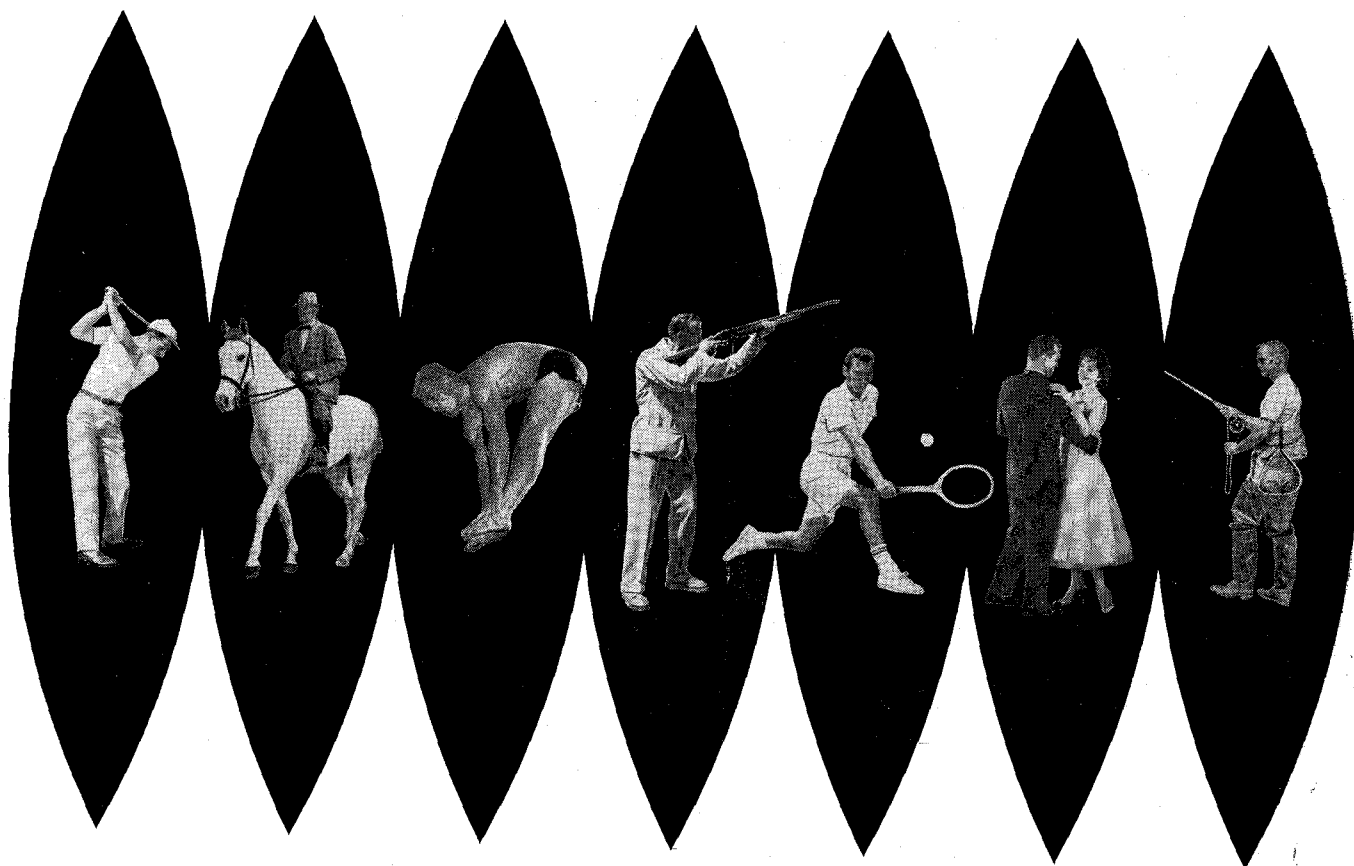
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ALL THE WAY HOME—A tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Tad Mosel wrote it, and Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2.)

COME BLOW YOUR HORN—Neil Simon's comedy about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. The humor is very limited, and Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Lou Jacobi, playing the sons and father, respectively, are only sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2:40.)

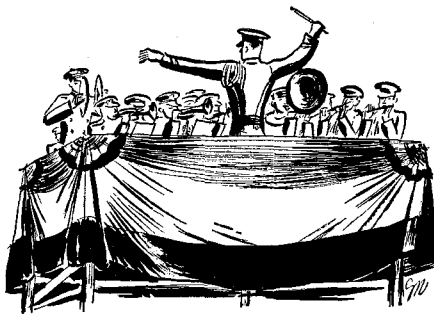
AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, at 9. Matinee Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

A FAR COUNTRY—Freud doing his first work as an analyst. Since it is quite evident from the outset that he is going to solve the psychosomatic situation of a young lady who can barely walk because of a traumatic experience, the piece has no suspense, but the actors, particularly Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, are interesting to watch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MARY, MARY—A lot of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top-drawer. The plot, though, which concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

RHINOCEROS—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel stands out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A TASTE OF HONEY—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but its author, Shelagh Delaney, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers—Hermione Baddeley, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Frances Cuka, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Frederick Combs, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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LONG RUNS—THE BEST MAN: A *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.) . . . **THE MIRACLE WORKER:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players now are Suzanne Pleshette and Karen Lee. (Playhouse, 48th St. E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 1.)

MUSICALS

CAMELOT—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

CARNIVAL—Anna Maria Alberghetti plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. She and her associates—James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard—are first-rate, and the whole thing has all the unsophisticated charm of the tent shows you saw in your youth. The music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill, the book is by Michael Stewart, and the

light-footed direction is by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DONNYBROOK!—An innocent Irish-American abroad in Erin, where he gets into all kinds of difficulty by falling in love with a colleen whose muscular brother hates a good many things domestic and all things alien. The music and lyrics, by Johnny Burke, carry the thing along with the proper lilt, and Eddie Foy is the agile leader of a generally laudable troop of actors. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

DO RE MI—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Genaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BYE BYE BIRDIE: Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.) . . . **FIORIELLO:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **IRMA LA DOUCE:** This importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Tuesday, July 4, at 2.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, July 1, no performances until Monday, July 17.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that

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THE NEW YORKER

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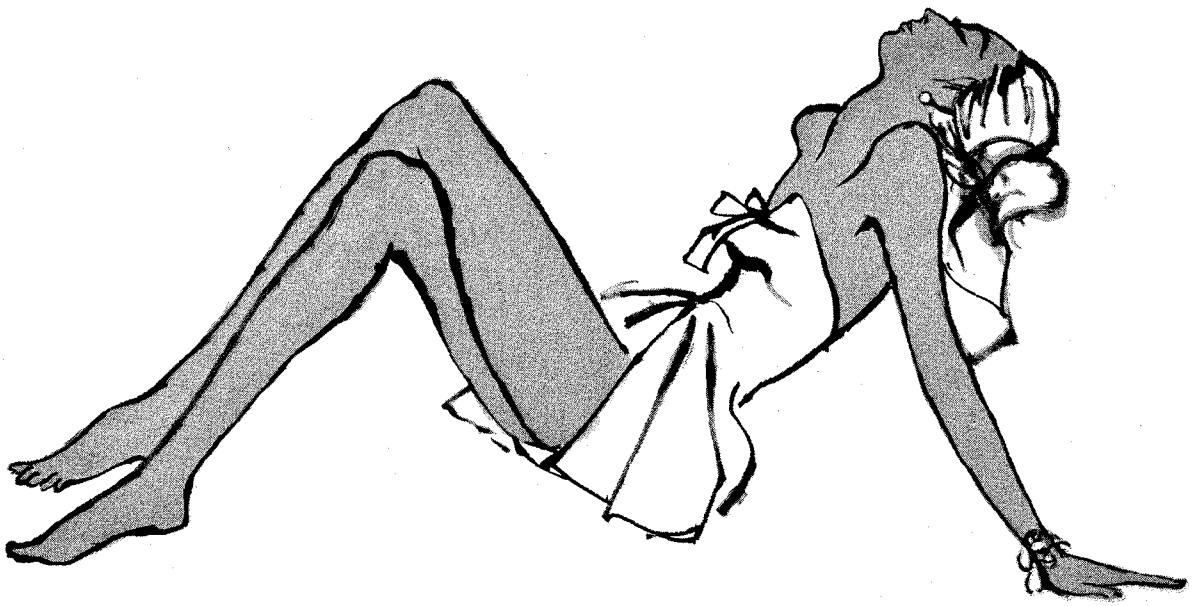
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it kisses you with color



FOR AN
ANTOINE
TAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays, except July 4, through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Special performance Monday, July 3, at 8:40.)

AMERICAN SAVOYARDS—Final performances of a season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, June 29-July 2: "Iolanthe." Thursday through Sunday, July 6-9: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursdays at 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40.)

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

THE BLACKS—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41ST STREET THEATRE SUMMER COMEDY FESTIVAL—"The Voice of the Turtle," with Mindy Carson and Jean Shepherd. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, July 9.)

HEDDA GABLER—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something

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handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

NOONTIDE—An adaptation, by Howard Hart, of an early Paul Claudel play (1906), which tells practically all there is to know about love, sin, and God. The language is hothouse poetic, the setting is the Orient, and the cast of four—three men and a woman—is suitably inscrutable. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

RED EYE OF LOVE—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—Mack the grandfather. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

UNDER MILK WOOD—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

WEST OF THE MOON, HECTOR, AND THE BLOOD BUGLE—Three one-act plays, the first two by Robert Heide and the last by Harry Tierney, Jr. (New Playwrights Theatre, West Third St. at Thompson St. AL 4-1630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays, except July 6, at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and

8:30. Special performances Monday, July 3, at 8 and 10:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A return engagement (four performances) by a hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday and Friday, July 6-7, at 8:30; and Saturday, July 8, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of "Much Ado About Nothing," with Nan Martin and J. D. Cannon. Opens Wednesday, July 5. (Wollman Memorial Rink, Central Park. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Now, more than ever, it's an entrance hall to end all entrance halls. The enterers are piped aboard, as before, by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra, which are on the dead run all night. Dancing. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, July 2-4.

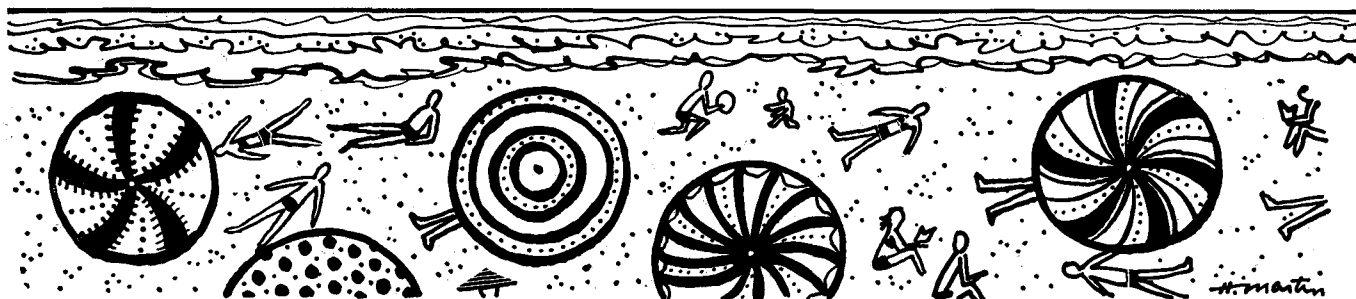
PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where the sound of music, usually Stanley Worth's little dance band, goes on from apéritifs to curfew night after night. Renato Rossini's lyric guitar, a solo instrument, gets to work in the evening, and takes Sundays off.

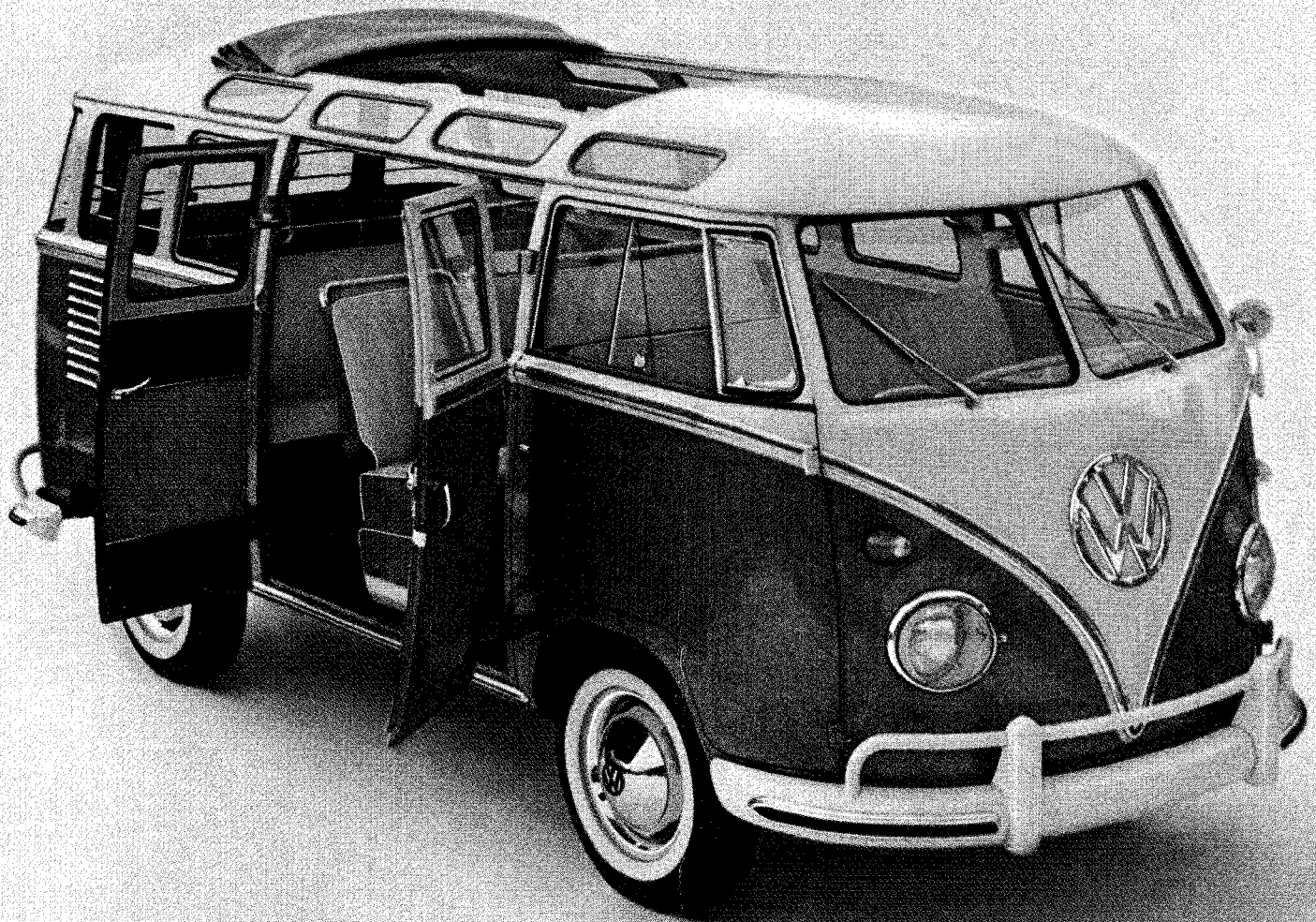
PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The music of Ted Straeter's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's pack of decisive minstrels, now in the Persian Room, will be stilled on Saturday, July 1, and so will the vibrant and heartfelt recitations (at dinner and supper) of Enzo Stuarti, clearly an opera buff. . . . Gentlefolk who'd rather ring out the new, ring in the old may wish to know that the stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is under the benign eye of Charles Columbus, man-about-the-world, whose activities as host give it a lawn-party air. The other airs are offered up by the bands of Charles Holden (another voice of the golden past) and Nick D'Amico. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The summer-replacement program of the mighty Grill calls for Milton Saunders and his dance band. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, July 2-4.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A summer station of rare salubriousness, far above the city's roar. Milt Shaw's and Walter Kay's tiny dance bands go on and on and on all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays every week, and Tuesday, July 4, as well.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—There's room for the improvement





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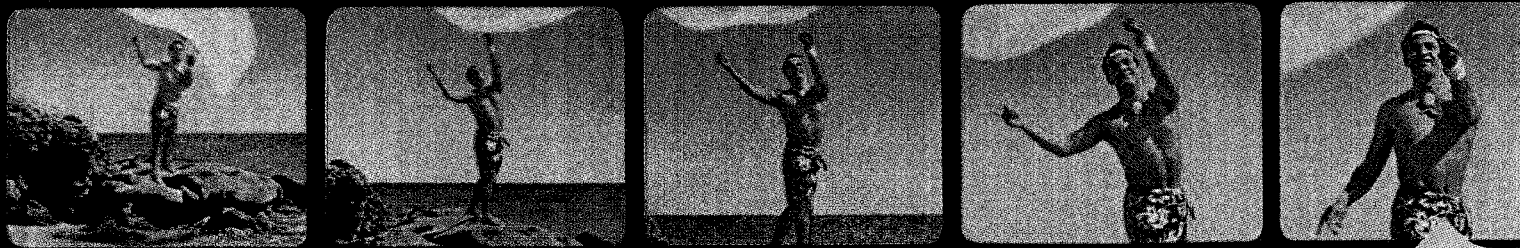
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of one's peace of mind in the spacious Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley blandly addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, where the founding-father Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba men keep up a continual badinage for dancers, and the Knight Box, a small *plaisance* served by Jani Sarkozi's violin, call it a season on Saturday, July 1.

NOTE—From a window seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, one can, bathed in comfort, descry the natives of the city beating their painful way through the endless rain forests. There's intermittent non-dance trio and piano during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): "J'y suis, j'y reste" is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Marty Berns, whose piano has enhanced a number of New York little clubs in his time, reports for duty at eight. Closed Mondays. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator. ... **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. (It skips Tuesday, July 4, too.) No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's elite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a pair of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): An amiable Florentine pension in which practically everyone wants to go on the stage. The head of the household is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. From Tuesday through Saturday, he stages, in miniature, the full-blown murder mysteries for which the likes of Leoncavallo used to write the scores. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. Closed Sunday through Thursday, July 2-6. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy drawbridge, moat, and armor he left behind. The only one of his fiddlers three still extant is Norbert Faconi, whose tableside manner is par excellence. No music Sundays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish influence on the culture of Argentina and the Dominican Republic is evidenced by the ballet and ballad troupes that now make this their stamping and chanting ground. Closed Sundays. ... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The local summer vacation, a fortnight long, turns Jules Kutl, whose piano is in the bar from five to eleven, out to pasture on Saturday, July 1. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. Parlor piano by George Feyer is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays, in addition to Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4. ... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This old-established pump room, whose leisurely music is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, goes into estivation on Friday, June 30. ... **WAVELY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. ... **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The mood is South Seas shopping center, and it's off and running every night of the week. A trio clad in Polynesian resort clothes and music twangs in the refectory; Lew Wolfe, an old Stan Kenton hand, bats the piano in the bar every night but Sunday. ... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W.

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50th St. (CI 7-3470): The art work on the walls is in general quite up-to-date; the piano and songs of Cal Bostic, who bobs up again and again after ten, are just good old-fashioned whoop-de-do. There are other faces, other voices, too, but they might as well remain anonymous. Closed Sundays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The incumbent Roman legion of chefs, sommeliers, rambling instrumentalists, and rambling balladeers goes on furlough for a week as of Saturday, July 1. ... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar, soprano, and piano that lurk within. Closed Sundays and Tuesday, July 4. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Sunday, July 2, is season's end for this overflowing Hungarian rhapsody of evensong and dance.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with nine-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. They're in the charge of Gloria Le Roy, the perkier housemother you ever saw, and are supplemented by a couple of real good offshore variety turns, not to mention home-grown celebrities. At the moment, these are Eleanor Powell, whose ballet slippers are really seven-league boots, and Chaz Chase, a wholly admirable dumb-show artist. Dancing for the customers, too. ... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): For children, perhaps of any age, there is Bobby Rydell, another of the boy-wonder troubadours; for grownups, especially those who like to be on the inside looking in, there is Larry Daniels, the most personable of the vanished Versailles's set of narrators. On Thursday, July 6, a new confrontation: Guy Mitchell, a singer who's always making a record, and Georgie Kaye, one of the maddest of the

Versailles's March Hares. The background is a set of eight new ballerinas, all engrossed in discovering which is their right foot. Dancing. ... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Mort Sahl, a celebrated minority of one, is pointing out that what many of us consider sublime is really too ridiculous for words—except, of course, his own. His faithful followers, the Limelitters, sing their heads off with good will and good humor. Saturday, July 1, is graduation day for them and for the establishment as well.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): School lets out for the season on Saturday, July 1, setting free from captivity two commendable new wits—Stagg McMann, high-caloric even though dry as toast, and Jerry Shane, who was born in Lindy's but doesn't intend to live there. The New Lost City Ramblers, country musicians who deal only in genuine articles, and Ruth Olay, a viable soprano who occasionally strains for effect, depart the same night. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk progress report on the downfall of civilization, goes to what is assuredly a great reward on Saturday, July 1. ... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): This conservatory, the party of the second part of the Julius Monk duchy, will end its regulation tour of duty on Saturday, July 1, when the Three Young Men, a most prepossessing glee club, depart. Summer school opens on Monday, July 3, with a small revue modelled on "Dressed to the Nines" and staffed by the sprightly damosels named Lovelady Powell and Freddie Webber and the sly little boys named Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. The keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al. are seventeen-jewel, will still be available. Closed Sundays. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The main thing is Jorie Remus, busy winding herself into a mortal coil as she propounds her rattlesnake theories about life. (She may or may not depart on Sunday, July 2.) The tried-and-true family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—are also on hand. For Lagnappe, there's another of those miniature Village revues. This one is fairly parochial, despite the diligence of two extroverts named Burke McHugh and Del Hanley. Don Evans and Loumel Morgan administer the interlude piano. Closed Mondays. ... **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): The pink-and-black *mise en scène* of the Volstead years, a small dance floor, a small band (James Mitchell's), and an industrious collection of performers, of whom the one familiar soul is Virginia de Luce, a ditherer with a certain talent to amuse. ... **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Traditional Latin lads and lassies thriving on the traditional Latin foot-and-mouth regimen (i.e., always go away mad). Pupi Campo's band plays for the guests' dancing. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. ... ¶ Around ten in a fine little den next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the ardent flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the customers to join in. ... **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): In a small but painstaking reenactment of Babylon, the doughty Sylvia Syms runs out her string of songs (boy meets girl, girl meets churl) on Sunday, July 2.

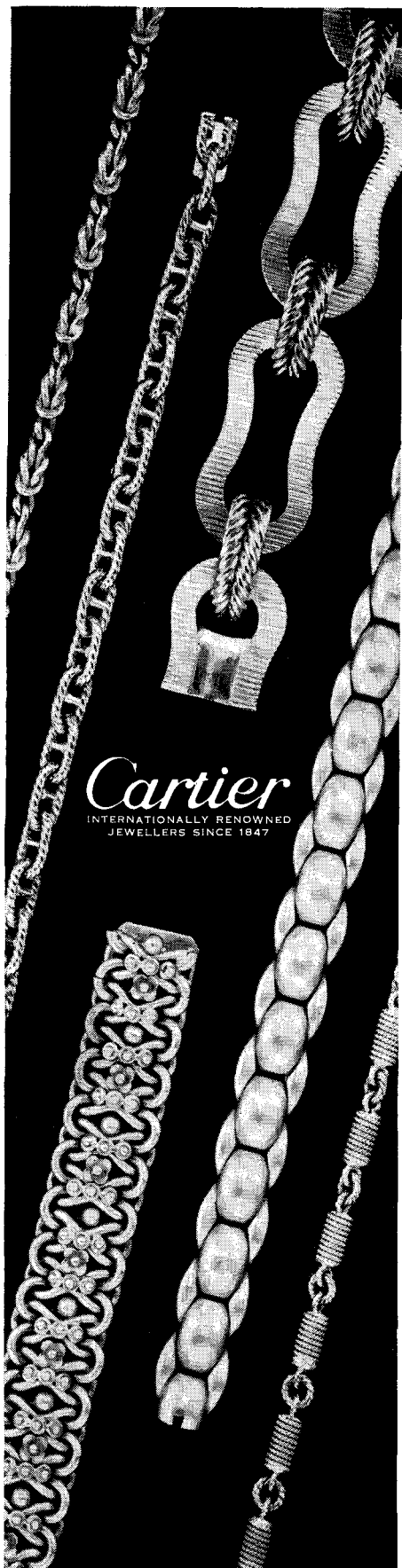
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall, a cherub of a hundred years' standing, is contributing his mellowed clarinet to a four-man band whose roots are deep in antiquity. Mr. Condon, guitar man and innkeeper, is not averse to occasionally pulling a few strings himself. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): There are times when, listening to Miles Davis embellish the work



68



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of his quintet (J. J. Johnson is part of it), you feel that you're intruding on a sort of inner-chamber music, but visitors are welcome to roam the grounds as long as they do not touch the players. Shirley Horn's trio, once a member of the night life in the now extinct city of Washington, is also on hand. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who chooses to dedicate his vast technical proficiency on the keyboard to the sweet rustlings of spring, plays (with the help of two sidemen) very pretty indeed for the people. The music begins around ten. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): American history and a dash of jaunty American hysteria. The uproar commences at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon handle the day trick; the night job is handled by the Bourbon Street Six (to be succeeded on Friday, June 30, by Gene Krupa's quintet, which will take Mondays off) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays), with Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday assisted by Sol Yaged's fivesome. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): On the stand are the band headed by Buddy Rich, still giving his drums a belaboring of love, and Slide Hampton's octet, which may remind one of a Maynard Ferguson band in a humane state of mind. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are home. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): That long-term merger of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, who were in the same class at the new school, is activating a quintet in this down-to-earth music hall. Their stay ends on Sunday, July 2; on Tuesday, July 4, Toshiko and Charlie Mariano, a marriage of counterplay made in heaven, bring their foursome back to town. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Rumpus-room night life, which can almost, but not quite, top the trumpet of Jonah Jones, whose quartet is the raison d'être of the establishment. The Jones boys and the wild-blue-yonder trio of Cecil Lloyd pack up on Saturday, July 1; Monday, July 3, brings to light Red Allen's quartet of traditionalists and Peter Nero's superheated dining-music threesome. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some veteran veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit matter-of-factly, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): On Saturday, July 1, a Brink's truck will be hauling mellow old Red Nichols and his Five Pennies back to the bank, and Tyree Glenn's salubrious chortlers, who provide the wherewithal for dancing, will disappear, too. A state of temporarily suspended animation will ensue. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The pages of time are enthusiastically turned back by Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares, among whom are Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Thelonious Monk, who astounded all Europe by showing up for every one of his piano recitals there, is trying to keep that record intact on the home grounds. His far-out music, which must be heard to be disbelieved, is augmented by three aides-de-camp. The quintet belonging to Philly Joe Jones is the other tintinnabulator. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Bertolt Brecht designed some of the characters who live here. Right now, they are all studying the formative year of the Barry Harris trio and the Jazz Brothers quintet. The Brothers vanish every Monday, the Harrises every Tuesday. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The old folk songs at home, under the protecting wing of Leon Bibb's great big and perfectly attuned voice, and the new school of music at home, exemplified in the evening

classes put on by Cal Tjader's five-man faculty. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Tuesday, July 4.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Monday, July 3.)

OSCAR JESPER—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings, by a Belgian artist; through Friday, June 30. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-78)—Engravings; through July 15. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St. Closed Monday, July 3.)

FRANCES PRATT—A water-color retrospective dating from 1938; through July 15. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Closed Monday, July 3.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Welded sculptures, as inventive in their use of random materials as ever; through Friday, June 30. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

EARLY MASTERS OF MODERN ART—A private New Orleans collection of French and American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings (by, among others, Degas, Renoir, and Cassatt) never before shown here. For the benefit of the Accessions Fund of the Isaac Delgado Museum, of New Orleans. Through Friday, June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Clafin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Pieces by Oliver Andrews, Richard Hunt, William King, and Jack Squier, all lively and inventive; through Friday, June 30. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Sculptures by John Chamberlain and Edward Higgins, reliefs by Lee Bontecou and Salvatore Scarpitta; through Friday, June 30. . . . **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Nudes by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through July 28. (Closed Monday, July 3.)

AFRICAN ART—Statues, masks, stools, and implements (in wood, ivory, and metal) from the Baluba, Warega, and other tribes in the Congo; through Friday, July 7. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Evergood, William Gropper, Nat Werner, and others; through Aug. 3. . . . **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with items by Tim Deverell, Jason Seley, Ann Arnold, and other gallery artists and friends; through July 15. (Closed Monday, July 3.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through July 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30. Open Tuesday, July 4.) . . . **DE AENLE**, 50 W. 53rd St.: Paintings and drawings of the figure by Elaine de Kooning, Richard Diebenkorn, and Larry Rivers (to name a few); through Tuesday, July 4. (Closed Monday, July 3.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "From Inness to Today" offers paintings by George Bellows, Robert Henri, Robert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1. . . . **PRISCILLA ROBERTS**, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1. . . . **JUSTER**, 154 E. 79th St.: Nine painters and three sculptors, among them Riva Helfond, Dorothy Hoyt, and Priscilla Pattison; through Saturday, July 1. . . . **KENNEDY**, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hendon; through Aug. 25. (Closed Monday, July 3.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: The annual season's retrospective of paintings and sculptures includes works by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, and Rai-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mondo Puccinelli; through Friday, June 30. . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a display of oils and water colors; through July 28. (Closed Monday, July 3.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebard; through Sept. 15. (Mondays, except July 3, through Fridays, noon to 10.) . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Audrey Skaling, Gillian Jagger, and Anthony Padovano; through Friday, June 30. . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by John Grillo, Lee Krasner, David Weinrib, and others; through July 21. (Mondays, except July 3, through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Works on paper by George Luks, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, George O. (Pop) Hart, and other early-twentieth-century artists; through Friday, June 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the KNAPIK, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: James Brooks, Georges Mathieu, and other painters, plus the sculptors Ibram Lassaw and Phillip Pavia; through Friday, June 30. . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Courtin, Martin Barre, and Kurt Sonderberg are among the artists who have works (mainly paintings) on view; through July 29. (Closed Monday, July 3.) . . . **STAEMFELI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Brancusi, Marini, Richard Schultz, Nicholson, and others; through July 14. . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Such painters and sculptors as Giacometti, Vieira da Silva, Earl Kerkam, Arp, and Bernard Reder; through Aug. 4. (Closed Monday, July 3.)

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Oils, water colors, drawings, original prints, and sculptures by thirty Latin-American artists; through July 15. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:30, and Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers. . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings, principally Impressionist and Post-Impressionist, on loan from private collections in the New York City area; starting Saturday, July 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31. . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 9. . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of thirty paintings from the collection of the late Mrs. Adele R. Levy, notably works of late-nineteenth-century French masters—Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, and others; through July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martin de Fuentidueña, on long-term

loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—American drawings (Benjamin West to the present) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through July 16. . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through July 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Special Treasures," an exhibition of cylinder seals, clay tablets, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, illustrated books, and embroidered bindings; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, except Tuesday, July 4, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through July 23. (Daily, except Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, June 29: Hugo Fiorato conducting, with Maria Tallchief, Erik Bruhn, and members of the New York City Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre. . .

¶ Saturday, July 1: Hugo Fiorato conducting, with Maria Tallchief, Erik Bruhn, and members of the New York City Ballet and the American Ballet Theatre, plus Carmen de Lavallade and Alvin Ailey. . . ¶ Tuesday, July 4: Alfredo Antonini conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . ¶ Wednesday, July 5: Alfredo Antonini conducting; no soloists. . . ¶ Thursday, July 6: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of music from French operas, with Lily Pons, soprano, and Richard Verreau, tenor. . . ¶ Saturday, July 8: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian music, with Licia Albanese, soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Robert Weede, baritone. (Lewishohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18. Abraham Kaplan will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 2.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibb conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of "La Bohème," in English. The first in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, July 1, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Naum-

CUTTY SARK

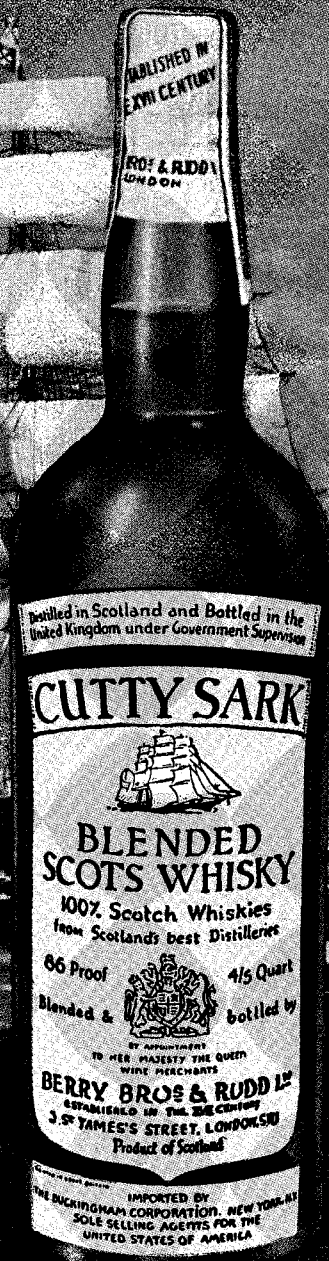
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YOU CAN HAVE BETTER PICTURES BUT FIRST THERE MUST BE ANSCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

burg Symphony Orchestra, with David Glazer, clarinet. (Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GARDEN: Thursday, June 29: Slide Hampton's Octet. ... ¶ Thursday, July 6: The Al Grey-Billy Mitchell sextet. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.) ... **RANDALLS ISLAND:** Duke Ellington's band, Sarah Vaughan, and George Shearing's quintet. (Downing Stadium. Saturday, July 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call BO 3-7538.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 20—Wednesday, July 5, at 8:30: A chamber-music concert by the Curtis Quartet, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola, and Samuel Mayes, cello. ... ¶ Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony musicians in three all-Bach programs. Friday, July 7, at 8:30: With Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: With Lukas Foss, piano, and others. Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: With Lukas Foss, piano; Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Mac Morgan, baritone; and the Tanglewood Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Saturday, July 1, at 3:30: The Modern Jazz Quartet, with the Contemporary String Quartet. ... ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 8:30: Duke Ellington's orchestra. ... ¶ Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30: The Dukes of Dixieland. (Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1: A jazz program by the Ahmad Jamal Trio. ... ¶ Friday, July 7: Earl Wild, piano. ... ¶ Saturday, July 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting a symphony group, with Earl Wild, piano. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

SILVERMINE GUILD CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Russell Oberlin, countertenor. (New Canaan, Conn. Friday, June 30, at 8:30.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, July 2, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Ruth St. Denis, Mia Slavenska and George Zoritch, Norman Walker and his company, and Lotte Goslar. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday through Thursday, July 4-6, at 8:40, and Friday and Saturday, July 7-8, at 3:30 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, June 30, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, July 1-2, at 2. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader). ... ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, July 5, at 2, and Thursday, July 6, at 8. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, July 7, at 8, and Saturday, July 8, at 2.

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, June 29-July 1.) ... ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8.)

HORSE SHOW—Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Friday and Saturday, June 30-July 1.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. ... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily at 1:30; through Friday, June 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track daily between 11 and 1.) ... AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, July 1, through Saturday, July 29. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 1, and the Suburban Handicap, Tuesday, July 4. ... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays and Tuesday, July 4, at 11:50.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Sunday, July 2, at 2:30: Rapid

(Austria) vs. Monaco and Dukla (Czechoslovakia) vs. Petah Tikva (Israel). ... ¶ Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30: Monaco vs. Shamrock Rovers (Ireland) and Rapid (Austria) vs. Dukla (Czechoslovakia).

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 1, at 2.

TENNIS—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Ortani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Through Sunday, July 2.) ... ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Monday through Sunday, July 3-9.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, July 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) ... **HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen:** Tuesday through Saturday, July 4-8, at 1:30. ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Tuesday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium: July 9, July 24 (benefit exhibition game, Yankees vs. Giants), July 25-30, Aug. 2-10, and Aug. 15.

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 13-16.) ... ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Onondaga Golf and Country Club, Syracuse. July 19-23.) ... ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (North Shore Country Club, Glen Head. July 20-23.) ... ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. Aug. 10-13.)

HORSE SHOWS—Sunnyfield Farm Horse Show. (Bedford. July 28-30.) ... ¶ Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 8-12.) ... ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 12.)

RACING—At SARATOGA: July 31-Aug. 26. ... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 7-Oct. 3.

SOCCER—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds: July 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, and 30, and Aug. 6.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: July 15-16. ... MONTGOMERY AIRPORT, Montgomery, N.Y.: Aug. 5-6.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. July 31-Aug. 6.) ... ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 7-13.) ... ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 14-20.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 1-Sept. 28.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 15-22.)

MUSIC—The Lewisohn Stadium concerts will present, among others, Ruggiero Ricci, violin, July 11; Michael Rosenker, violin, July 12; Leonard Pennario, piano, July 13; Michael Rabin, violin, July 18; Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano, July 19; Henryk Szeryng, violin, July 25; Maureen Forrester, contralto, and the Schola Cantorum of New York, July 26; Hans Richter-Haaser, piano, July 27; Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, July 29; and José Iturbi, piano, Aug. 3. ... ¶ Empire State Music Festival, Anthony Wayne Recreation Area, Bear Mountain-Harriman State Park, July 12-Aug. 6.

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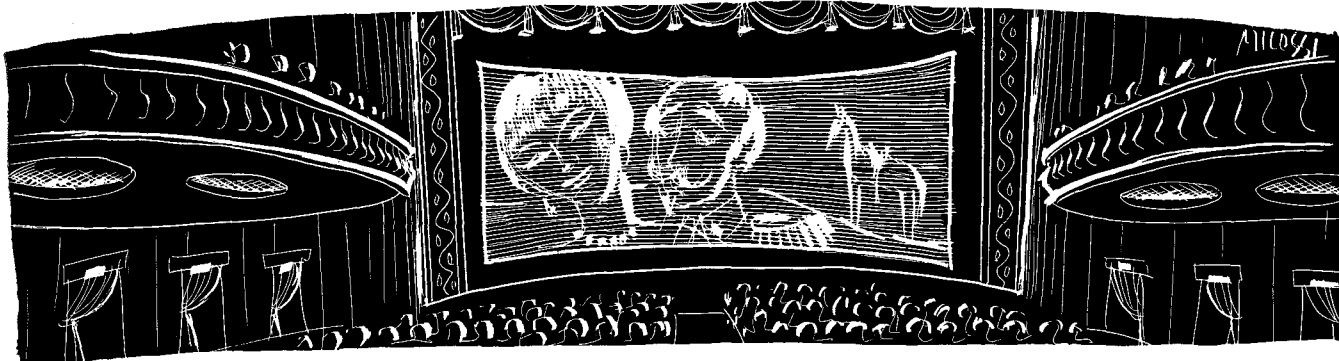
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—In the funniest scene of this funny picture, reminiscent of the golden days of Mack Sennett, a basketball team defeats its opponents by bouncing off the ground and darting about in mid-air. The secret is a magic substance called Flubber. Fred MacMurray, as the man who concocts it, is a model of academic preoccupation. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 2-4.)

THE BIG DEAL—From Italy comes this high-spirited takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. A gang of untalented petty thieves attempts a crime that fails at every turn, thanks in large part to their inveterate good nature. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and the clown called Totò. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 4, tentative.)

LA DOLCE VITA—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this beautiful picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

DON QUIXOTE—Cervantes' picaresque classic in a faithful, sometimes dull, but largely rewarding translation into Russian, of all things. Director Grigory Kozintsev's extraordinary eye for color, and a brilliant, sensitive performance by Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the Mad Knight, outweigh the oversimplifications of the plot and the misfortune of an awkward job of dubbing. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

EXODUS—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

ONE-EYED JACKS—Marlon Brando, of all people, in a Western complete with outlaw, sheriff, deputy, girl, and the other familiar appurtenances. Since Mr. Brando also directed the picture, we can expect the unexpected, and that is what we get. Karl Malden, Katy Jurado, and Pina Pellicer are in the supporting cast, and everyone concerned is very good indeed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 29.)

ON THE DOUBLE—Danny Kaye plays a timid G.I., a British general, and an assortment of Germans in a movie that is purely a vehicle and doesn't pretend to be anything else. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 5.)

A RAISIN IN THE SUN—Lorraine Hansberry's story

about a Negro family in Chicago is somewhat broader, physically and dramatically, on the screen than it was on the stage, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and, especially, Ruby Dee. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through July 3. . . . 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 5, tentative.)

ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS—A long, scrupulously detailed, never very cheerful, and immensely impressive study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good and, the temptations of city life being what they are, loses far more than it gains. Luchino Visconti produced and directed this formidable work, which readily bears comparison with "La Dolce Vita." (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Mr. Sil-litoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

TUNES OF GLORY—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 5, tentative.)

TWO WOMEN—An Italian movie about a young widow who takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village in the mountains and meets there an anti-Fascist, who falls in love with her. Although much that happens in the movie is sad, and even shattering, its effect is anything but depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are quite exceptional as the anti-Fascist, the mother, and the daughter, and Vittorio De Sica's direction is perfection itself. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin musical. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 4.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

DAMN YANKEES (1958)—A musical having to do with a man who sells his soul to the Devil for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will beat the Yankees to a pennant. With Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 2.)

FARREBRIQUE (1948)—A study of farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 29.)

FUNNY FACE (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting June 30.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

HE WHO MUST DIE (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 30-July 1.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 4.)

NORTH BY NORTHWEST (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White, Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; July 2-4.)

THE PAJAMA GAME (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 5.)

THE QUIET ONE (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; June 29.)

SILK STOCKINGS (1957)—Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse in a movie version of the Broadway musical, based on the old film called "Ninotchka." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 1.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 29.)

TIGER BAY (1959)—Hayley Mills as a chirpy small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 4, tentative.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, YU 2-0990; June 29.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles"—Through July 1: "Journey Into Fear" (1943), with Dolores Del Rio and Joseph Cotten. . . . Starting July 2: "The Stranger" (1946), with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Truth" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Charles Vanel.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through July 5: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
June 29: "Wild in the Country," Elvis Presley, Hope Lange.
From June 30: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
June 29: "The Last Time I Saw Archie," Robert Mitchum, Martha Hyer.
From June 30: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 5 (tentative): TUNES OF GLORY.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (YU 2-0990; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
June 29: TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, revival; and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers," revival, Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter.
June 30-July 1: "The Captain from Koenig" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann; and "My Uncle," revival, Jacques Tati.
July 2-5: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Sunrise at Campobello," revival, Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 3: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," Louis Tock, Ernest Navara; and "Bimbo the Great," Claus Holm.
From July 4: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 4 (tentative): THE BIG DEAL (in Italian); and "Too Many Crooks," revival, Terry-Thomas, George Cole.
From July 5 (tentative): "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of the Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 1: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," Louis Tock, Ernest Navara; and "Bimbo the Great," Claus Holm.
From July 2: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Bridge" (in German).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 4 (tentative): TIGER BAY, revival.
From July 5 (tentative): A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
June 29: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.
From June 30: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 3: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," Louis Tock, Ernest Navara; and "Bimbo the Great," Claus Holm.
From July 4: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 5: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
June 29: STRANGERS ON A TRAIN, revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.
From June 30: FUNNY FACE, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
June 29: ONE-EYED JACKS.
June 30-July 1: HE WHO MUST DIE (in French), revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.
July 2-4: THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR; and "Third Man on the Mountain," revival, Michael Rennie, James MacArthur.
From July 5: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day," revival, a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
DON QUIXOTE.

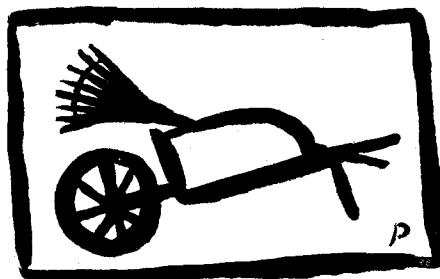
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 5: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 4: THE HORSE'S MOUTH, revival; and "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.
From July 5: "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Viteloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Aida" (in Italian and English), revival, Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.



TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
June 29: SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS, revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
From June 30: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (LT 1-0450)
"Ballad of Narayama" (in Japanese).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Truth" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Charles Vanel.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 5: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 29: "Jailhouse Rock," revival, Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler; and "On with the Show," revival, Joe E. Brown.
June 30: "Love Me or Leave Me," revival, Doris Day, James Cagney; and "20 Million Sweethearts," revival, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers.
July 1: SILK STOCKINGS, revival; and "42nd Street," revival, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler.
July 2: DAMN YANKEES, revival; and "Footlight Parade," revival, James Cagney, Dick Powell.
July 3: "Jazz on a Summer's Day," revival, a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials; and "Wonder Bar," revival, Al Jolson.
July 4: ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, revival; and "Dames," revival, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler.
July 5: THE PAJAMA GAME, revival; and "Shipmates Forever," revival, Dick Powell.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 1: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "This Could Be the Night," revival, Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas.
July 2-4: NORTH BY NORTHWEST, revival; and "The Wrong Man," revival, Henry Fonda, Vera Miles.
From July 5: ON THE DOUBLE; and "In the Wake of a Stranger," Tony Wright.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 29: FARREBRIQUE (in French), revival; and "The Devil's General" (in German), revival, Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.
June 30: "The Brothers Karamazov," revival, Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.
July 1: THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian), revival; and THE QUIET ONE, revival.
July 2: "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin; and "Mitsou" (in French), revival, Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.
July 3: "The Scapegoat," revival, Alec Guinness, Bette Davis; and "Passionate Summer" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.
July 4: "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck.
July 5: "Tonight We Sing," revival, Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 3: A RAISIN IN THE SUN; and "Stop Me Before I Kill!" Claude Dauphin.
From July 4: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.

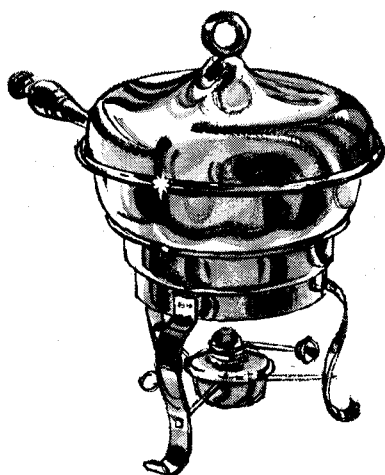
MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 4: "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli; and "The Grand Maneuver" (in French), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.
From July 5: "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Viteloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 5: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

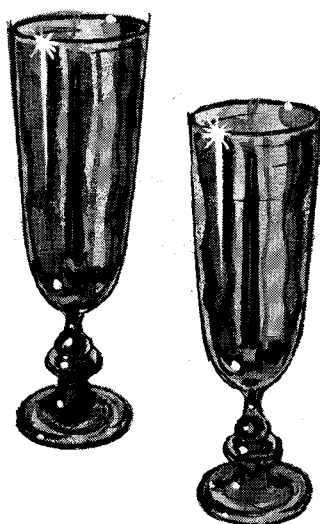
NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 3: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne," Louis Tock, Ernest Navara; and "Bimbo the Great," Claus Holm.
From July 4: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.

B Altman & Co

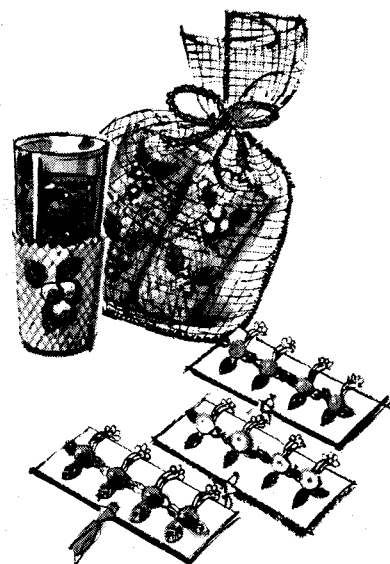
**thank you
for a lovely weekend!**



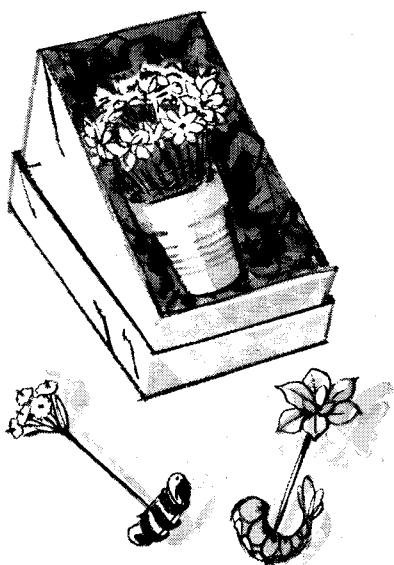
The romantic chafing dish, lets you cook and serve gracefully at your terrace table. Middle section holds water, keeps temperature even. Adjustable alcohol burner. Solid brass or copper. 3-quart, **35.00**; 1½-quart, **30.00**. Altman housewares, fifth floor.



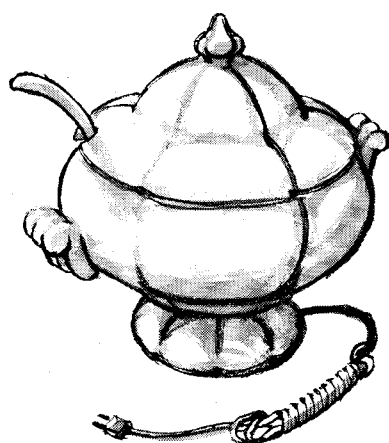
Light the evening with candleglow, softened by emerald green hurricane lamps, majestic shapes in glass. Newly designed in Italy for Altman's. 16 inches high, each **6.95**. Altman glassware, fourth floor.



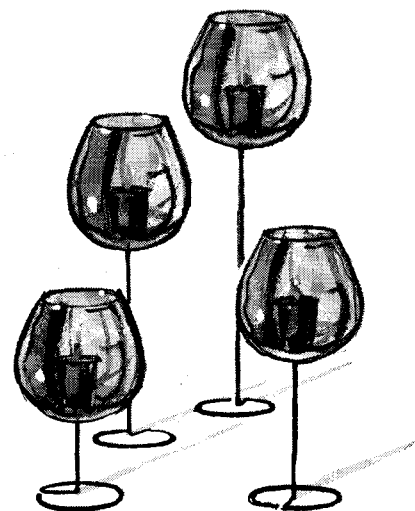
Cradle your glass with a gay straw jacket coaster, festooned with bright fruit shapes, in strawberry, grape, lemon and orange colors with green leaves. Set of four, **3.95**. Napkin clips with fruit decorations, oranges, strawberries or lemons. Also available with flowers. Set of four, **2.95**. Altman glasses and linens, fourth floor.



Surprise package... a unique arrangement of fruit-and-hors-d'oeuvres picks, each decorated with a beautiful blossom. Each bouquet is ready to present, in a corsage box. Red carnations or assorted flowers, each **5.00**. Altman glassware, fourth floor.

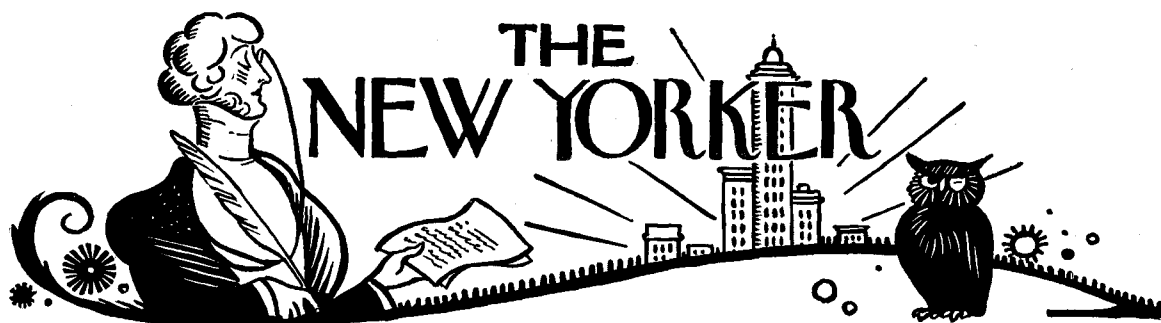


Keep it warm in this tureen of ivory-white earthenware, with concealed element that keeps foods at their peak-of-perfection... even on a breezy terrace. Holds 3½ quarts. AC-DC. With cover, ladle and cord, **7.95**. Altman gifts, fourth floor.



Jewel lamps in lush tones of rose quartz, olivine, turquoise or citrine, to light summer nights with an enchanting glow. Beautifully shaped glass bowls, set on black wrought iron stands. 7½, 10½, 13½, 16½ or 19½ inches high, each **3.00**. Replacement candles, box of six, **.50**. Altman lamps, fifth floor.

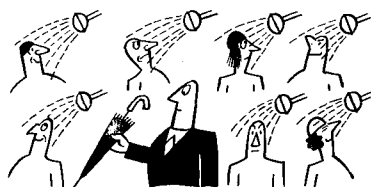
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN you are ready to answer all the telephones in the neighborhood, you know that summer has arrived. They all ring in your room. And the secrets are out. The neighbors, apparently unaware of the change in the season, go on fighting their private winterfights. You come in at the end of the first act, but you can reconstruct what went on day after day under cover of snow. Buds of hate blossom into profanity, with jet planes for a background. Personalities unfold. The personality of the neighbors, the personality of the sewers, the personality of the hammers driving nails into boards, the personality of the vacuum cleaners and of damp carpets in dark corridors—all find a place next to yours. Bacon and eggs from seventy-six families that fraternally share the number of your apartment house and the first half of your telephone number breathe with you, for you, against you. You have company. You decide to go out in search of solitude. At first you think you may need an umbrella, but no, seven private indi-



viduals are taking seven private showers; the community noise is a noise of rain.

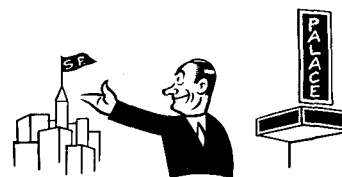
You are in the street. A breath of cardboard and hot iron, tar and gas, electricity and toothpaste meets you. A breath of cotton wind meets you sideways from large department stores. Cab fenders glitter in the sun; visibility is blurred; objectified perspiration fills the air. You close your eyes and know what is on sale and where, and how far down the block your feet have taken you. The wooden joints of bars creak as they shake off their alcoholic dreams of summer and wake to the pink hu-

midity of real summer. The cash register sings, the nervousness of coffee purrs behind your reflection, curved, elongated, flattened. Paperbacks turn, murder mysteries turn, Trevelyan turns, psychoanalysis turns, the Peloponnesian Wars turn as people choose their reading for their first sleepless night. In summer, everything opens up, and not only do the telephones of the whole neighborhood ring in your room but the hopes of the young ring in your blood.

Shepherd

WILLIAM GAXTON, an old friend of ours, who ran for the Presidency and won it in "Of Thee I Sing" back in 1931, has returned from a seven-year sabbatical to appear as an American tycoon in an aqueous musical comedy called "Paradise Island," now at the Jones Beach Marine Theatre. We had a chat with him one evening last week, just before he was to participate in a preview of the show, and found him as handsome, well-spoken, and engaging as he was when, in the guise of Wintergreen, he took over the White House three decades ago. The locale of our get-together with Mr. Gaxton was one of the executive offices of the Marine Theatre, and Mr. Gaxton was intermittently interrupted by the ringing of several telephones. "Nobody here but us Hawaiians," he remarked when one of these disturbances occurred, and then apologized to us for not coming up with something niftier. "This romp has to do with an American who is shipwrecked on Hawaii, and thinks about nothing but money," he informed us, between bells. "Maybe he ought to, since the catamaran he's wrecked in is rented by the producer for close to a hundred dollars a night. Anyhow, I'm supposed to be this typical, insensitive American moneybags, against whom the natives presently turn because they want to go back to simple poi and the *hukilau*, or fishing festival, as opposed to my proposition to

get them all rich as Kaiser. It's a funny thing that in twelve hits, ranging from 'The Music Box Revue,' in 1922, right up to 'Louisiana Purchase,' in 1940, I've always been cast as a slick and well-heeled customer. I am also always considered either the perfect Connecticut Yankee, which, of course, I once played, or an Irishman. In Ireland, as a matter of fact, I've heard them say to me, 'Ah, me dear bye, why did you emigrate?' Maybe, after all these years, you might not remember my real name, which is Arturo Antonio Gaxiola, and you can throw in a 'Don' in front of it if you care to. I'm prouder of being out of San Francisco than I am of having the



longest unbroken run for an actor at the Palace. My God, I saw the earthquake and the fire destroy San Francisco, and for a year or more my family had to live in the streets."

We steered Mr. Gaxton off this gloomy topic by asking him how the producer of "Paradise Island," Guy Lombardo, had been able to coax him back to work.

"In forty years, give or take a couple, in the theatre, I'd ridden onstage on horses and been flown on in mock airplanes, but I'd never had a chance to make an entrance, as I do here, in a fifty-foot catamaran that sleeps eleven," Mr. Gaxton said. "I wish that my old partner Victor Moore could make an entrance with me in that rig."

A beater came in with a platter bearing tomato juice, beef stew, and coffee.

"This stuff gets me into a real Hawaiian mood," said Mr. Gaxton, plunging his fork into the stew. "Here I am, sixty-three going on sixty-four, have a nice home in Stamford, Connecticut, a wife I've been happily married to for



"Do you suppose there's something we aren't being told?"

forty-one years, and somebody drops the harness and the fire horse starts snorting. Anyhow, this will help to pay my income tax. When I got married, there was nothing like that to worry about. I was a seaman first class in the First World War, and when I joined up I'd just signed a three-year contract with Al Woods to do some straight dramatic roles. I had left the University of California some time before, and had worked my way to Broadway. When Woods hired me, he gave me a handsome wallet, and when I said that a wallet was no good with nothing in it, he inserted a hundred dollars. Woods' contract said that I should get three hundred and fifty dollars a week—a fortune at the time—but instead I joined the Navy. My wife, dear girl, married me nevertheless. We have no children, but I've been godfather to a multitude, and I like each and every one of them."

We inquired about Mr. Gaxton's occupation during his sabbatical, and he informed us that he'd been busy with *The Lambs*, of which he is the president, or Shepherd. "I also travel

around a bit," he said. "I spent a lot of time in Japan last year."

"How did you like it?" we asked.

"Nobody ever takes you home over there," he said. "How are you going to know anything about a people unless they take you home?"

Mr. Gaxton was interrupted by the arrival of a page, who suggested that he repair to his dressing room.

OVERHEARD at the New Weston bar the other afternoon, a Martini-on-the-rocks to a bourbon ditto: "I agree it's in the picture. It's part of the countdown. But you can't posture the *whole* man just by the diseases he's had."

Businessmen

A CONSTANT reading of the papers might lead one to suppose that there was nothing but trouble in Africa, but behind and above all the bad news millions of Africans are diligently going about their business, which in most cases is just plain business. To help these businessmen and their American

counterparts to prosper, a Conference on African Resources was recently held at the Loeb Student Center of New York University, under the auspices of the University and of African Fair, Inc., an association of companies that do business in Africa. The heart of the conference, which lasted three days and was addressed by various notables—among them the chairman of the Nigerian United Nations delegation, Jaja Wachuku; our Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, G. Mennen Williams; and our Ambassador at Large, W. Averell Harriman—was a series of informal group discussions, and we attended one of these on the second day. Ranged along two narrow tables in a room at the Student Center were some thirty men, nearly all of whom looked to be in their late thirties or early forties; each had a pile of documents in

front of him, and one—the Nigerian Consul here, Mr. Samuel Oti—was wearing a handsome green cotton toga. (The best specimen of native dress on the American side was Mr. Williams' habitual bow tie, on this occasion green with white polka dots.) All the participants were armed with portable receivers, which enabled them to hear a simultaneous translation of the proceedings either in French or in English.

"We are here to enlighten, to exchange information, and to create good will," said Captain L. A. Renahan, of the Farrell Lines, a steamship company that has many dealings with Africa, and after a few similar remarks by other Americans the Africans got down to cases.

Mr. Oti had some complaints to make. "After you've given American businessmen the economic facts about Nigeria, for some time you're likely not to hear a thing," he said. "When you do hear, either it's 'Oh, I'm off to Nigeria tomorrow. What can you do for me today?' or you're told that they've already landed there. Another difficulty—a businessman on his way to

catch a plane to Nigeria hears that an American has been shot in the Congo, a thousand miles away, and cancels his flight. Not a very sensible decision."

"Any suggestions?" Captain Renehan asked the group.

"My suggestion is that everybody grab the first plane to Nigeria," said Mr. Oti, to general laughter. "We believe that many foreigners would like to invest capital in Nigeria, and we certainly want them to come."

"Many West Africans are pricing themselves right out of the world market," said an American banker. "Take the groundnut, or peanut—twenty per cent above the world market. Or take cocoa. Or timber. Too often we find it's the same old story. France gives aid to her former colonies in the form of price supports, and the net result is inflationary."

"We have no discrimination against any foreign merchandise," said a Camerounian. "In my country, we believe in the open-door trade policy."

"What about your building industry?" asked an American. "Is there any chance for us to supply some materials there?"

"We used to have a cement factory," said the Camerounian. "It was closed after independence, because the capital needed for its operation had come from abroad. We certainly need cement; all over the Cameroun we're replacing our traditional bamboo huts with strong concrete buildings."

"My government is also doing everything it can to alleviate the housing problem," said Mr. K. Amoah-Awuah, Ministerial Secretary of Ghana. "We've a roof-loan scheme that has proved very successful. A man who puts up the frame of a house can get a government loan to put a roof on it."

Dr. William Henry Fitzjohn, of Sierra Leone, said that it was often hard to establish firm contacts with the people in this country who provide the money for various African investments. "Our Minister of Trade was in Chicago last year and talked with some people interested in building a hotel in Sierra Leone," he said. "The Minister returned with a detailed plan and obtained government approval of it. He sent the approved plan back to Chicago, and it has been sitting there ever since."

"This problem cuts both ways," said an American economist. "I visited an African country last December in response to a specific investment proposal. My principal here was all lined up and ready to go. All I needed was four points of clarification from the office of a certain Minister. Yesterday, I got a letter referring to my 'recent request.' By this time, of course, my principal has placed his money elsewhere. You Africans must realize that you're competing not only with each other but with underdeveloped nations all over the world. You must not feel that just because you're being sought after politically you're going to be sought after economically. You have to go out and interest the American businessman, and this may mean, among other things, reducing taxes for him."

"We already have!" said several Africans, in chorus.

The discussion was warming up. Plainly, the conference would be a success.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The sign on a small public building in Lower Merion, near Philadelphia, now

reads "Dog Detention Kennel" instead of "Dog Pound."

Learning

THAT seventy-eight-year-old beatnik Stanley Isaacs, Councilman and Civic Father, wasn't going on his recent evening tour of Greenwich Village coffeehouses without us. When we heard that Mr. Isaacs had accepted an invitation from some coffeehouse owners, who were being plagued with summonses for not having cabaret licenses, to come down and see the places for himself, we telephoned him. "You're most welcome to join me," he told us. "All I'm going to do is bum around down there a little. The idea of requiring cabaret licenses for these places sounds wrong to me, but I want to see what they're like anyway. Meet me at the entrance to the Central Park Zoo cafeteria, where the city officials are getting together for an annual supper and barbershop-quartet contest. I am going to miss the contest. I'm giving up the good old songs for Greenwich Village."

We arrived in front of the zoo cafeteria just as Mr. Isaacs, natty in a



"The way Fenton is always yacking about free enterprise, talking up the John Birch Society, and all that, it wouldn't surprise me one damn bit if he were a Communist."

light-gray suit, a red-white-and-blue striped bow tie, a white shirt with blue stripes, and a panama hat with a blue band, was taking his leave of the city budget director, Abraham Beame. "So long, Abe, I'm going down to Greenwich Village," Mr. Isaacs practically sang out, as if he were breaking into one of the good old songs after all. A minute later, he was whistling up a taxi for us with as clear and powerful a tone as we have ever heard produced by two fingers between the teeth.

"I don't go down to Greenwich Village very much," Mr. Isaacs said as we headed there at a wild clip with a young Puerto Rican driver. "Mrs. Isaacs and I have a wonderful cook, so we usually dine at home. My only previous experience in a coffeehouse was at a place called The Premise. They had a show that my son, who celebrated his fiftieth birthday yesterday, told me I ought to see."

We remarked on the speed at which we were travelling.

"I'm a fatalist," Mr. Isaacs told us calmly, and went on, "I think these things about licenses are idiotic. The big question is: Should you have any licensing of coffeehouses that have entertainment—which means that everybody working there must have identification cards and get fingerprinted by the police, who are supposed to decide who is a 'fit and proper person' to have a card? What's the sense? Especially since there's no good test for 'fit and proper.' It doesn't mean anything. But I want to see whether these places are run decently, and the kind of people who frequent them—how they operate and what they sell. Things like that. I have no preconceptions about them. People say that the identification cards help control the dope peddlers by keeping out people with jail records. I'm in favor of keeping these places free of dope and of people with records, but I don't believe they should be barred for life, either. Young man," he said to the taxi-driver, "where do you live?"

"Madison Avenue and a Hundredth Street," the driver said.

"Then you don't know much about Greenwich Village," Mr. Isaacs said. "That's all right. You haven't got much on me, but I haven't got much on you. Here we are—the Phase 2, at 302 Bleecker Street. Can you find your way back?"

The driver said yes, and Mr. Isaacs, looking reassured, got out of the taxi.

We entered the Phase 2, which, according to a sign at the entrance, "features American and Armenian Food—Shishkebab—Large Portions of

Skewered Marinated Lamb Grilled with Fresh Slices of Tomatoes and Onions, \$1.90," and were greeted just inside by the proprietor, a young man named David Gordon, who was wearing a rectangular mustache, shell-rimmed eyeglasses, and a conservative business suit. Mr. Gordon, representing the Village Coffee House Trade Association, was going to serve as Mr. Isaacs' guide for the evening.

"Why, you have air-conditioning!" Mr. Isaacs said.

"We're more sophisticated than the next place, the Café Bizarre, which doesn't have air-conditioning," Mr. Gordon said. "The Bizarre is more informal, more commercial, and caters to a younger crowd."

"Younger?" Mr. Isaacs asked, looking with glinting green eyes at the customers, most of whom had rather downy cheeks and at least six of whom were drinking milk.

"Your secretaries have arrived," Mr. Gordon said.

"I'm the luckiest guy in the world to have them," Mr. Isaacs remarked as we followed Mr. Gordon to a table, where we were introduced to Mr. Isaacs' "uptown" secretary, Miss Millicent Sturm, and his "downtown" one, Miss Joan Hamlin. "I can't make a move without one or the other of these ladies, and they know as little as I do about coffeehouses," Mr. Isaacs told Mr. Gordon as we all sat down.

"I've lived in the Village for seven years, but I've never been in anything," Miss Hamlin said.

"She's only interested in politics," Mr. Isaacs said, looking around. He seemed to miss nothing about the place: artistic photographs on one wall; a small stage opposite, with drawn curtain; an upright piano, with Tiffany lamp overhead; a pretty open-air garden in the rear.

"I've done a good deal of work inside, but the garden is where I feel I've been really creative," Mr. Gordon said, and Mr. Isaacs smiled paternally at him. "You'll find that coffeehouse

owners and their friends have built their places practically with their own hands. As a matter of fact, coffeehouse owners give each other ideas to help each other out. That's why we have the Coffee House Trade Association."

"Excellent photographs," Mr. Isaacs said, looking around again. "Exceptionally nice crowd of youngsters."

With a small sigh, Mr. Gordon passed out menus.

"We don't want 'compliments of the house,'" Mr. Isaacs said. "That's against the rules."

"But you'll have something?" Mr. Gordon said anxiously.

"I may wait till we hit the next place," Mr. Isaacs said. "I had a big supper at the zoo cafeteria. I'm just feeling my way, trying to find out the advantage, if any, of a license. I can't figure out where the license itself fits in."

"It would cost me a hundred and fifty dollars for a cabaret license," Mr. Gordon said. "So far, we've successfully resisted efforts of the Police Department to make us get one. They say we're a cabaret because we serve 'beverages.' Well, coffee is a beverage, because you drink it, but it's not an alcoholic beverage. We believe that what makes a cabaret is alcohol. And we don't think just because we have entertainment that we ought to carry identification cards and have to get fingerprinted."

"On the financial side, do you do good business without liquor?" Mr. Isaacs asked.

"I make a living," Mr. Gordon said. "My interest is to make the Phase 2 a showcase for new talent. We change our show every six weeks, and we're beginning to package shows for Off Broadway and for other café theatres around the country. The one you're going to see tonight is called 'Light-hearted.' It's a lyrical revue. Resident director, resident producer, resident musical director, original music and skits, four talented performers. The whole thing costs two hundred and sixty-five dollars a week."

"Whew!" Mr. Isaacs said, looking impressed.

After we had all watched "Light-hearted" (a quartet singing "New York is the perfect place to be lighthearted," a skit satirizing motivational research, a skit satirizing television commercials, and a parody of a Village folk singer, all included for a seventy-five-cent cover), Mr. Gordon led the expedition on foot through crowded Village byways to the next stop, the Café Bizarre.

"We're learning," Mr. Isaacs said gaily, beaming at the Villagers. "I never





"What do you think has got into her?"

saw such life and energy as they have down here. This is the kind of thing we're losing in New York. I like to see people in the streets of New York. I don't want to see big housing developments down here. I like the whole advantage of the little streets, winding in all directions, that don't attract trucks and heavy traffic, so the kids can play in them. In that respect, I agree with Jane Jacobs, of *Architectural Forum*; she's an extremist, but I respect her highly. You get a neighborly feeling down here, and I think it should be preserved. Where I lived as a child, in an East Seventy-third Street brownstone, we used to sit outside on the stoop on hot nights with the neighbors and talk to each other. That's the kind of thing they seem to have held on to down here."

"Step right in and see the bohemians in their natural habitats," a bearded, blue-jeaned barker in front of the Bizarre called out with a laugh to Mr. Isaacs, who smiled and gave him a gracious nod.

"Anything goes down here," Mr. Isaacs said, and marched into the room—a converted stable hung with metal saws, chains, and anchors, plastic figures of spiders and insects, and Surrealistic combinations of oversized eyes

and other anatomical parts. We were greeted by recited words, via loudspeaker ("... the wind blows on me and feels like lemonade"), which turned out to be coming from a young lady poet, dressed in white slacks and a black blouse, who was standing onstage.

"This place isn't air-conditioned, but it's the most successful coffeehouse in the Village," Mr. Gordon said, and introduced a young man, Bernie Teichman, who, he explained, was acting as host in place of the owner, who couldn't be there that night. Mr. Teichman was in his shirtsleeves.

Mr. Isaacs nodded graciously to him. "That's a good idea, taking off your coat on this hot night," Mr. Isaacs said, and immediately took off his own coat.

Mr. Teichman produced menus featuring such delicacies as Mish-Mash, Voo-Doo, Scorpion, Baby Scorpion, Clam Dip-Potato Chip, Calypso Flip, Italian Ices, Bizarre Pâté (chopped liver), and The Cannibal (raw-chopped-steak-and-raw-egg canapés).

Mr. Isaacs ordered a dish of coffee ice cream. "This is different from anything I've ever seen," he said as the lady poet was succeeded onstage by a folk singer who accompanied himself on an Autoharp.

"We have aspiring young artists coming in here," Mr. Teichman said seriously. "Mr. Isaacs, this is probably the only area in America where new talent has an opportunity to perfect its talent in front of a real live audience. It's our view that we don't belong in the same category with the old girlye houses on Fifty-second Street. These young artists come in here, and we let them pass the hat around."

The lady poet went by, looking very chic in her white pants.

"I don't like tight, skinny trousers on older people," Mr. Isaacs told us, "but I think they're all right on the young people down here."

"Definitely," Mr. Teichman said.

"This place is so jammed, and all with these nice young people, who look as though they're having a good time," Mr. Isaacs said, digging into his coffee ice cream. "There's *life* down here. That's what counts, isn't it?"

MANUSCRIPT found at bottom of wastebasket by parent of eight-year-old male planner:

MY PLANS FOR ROBERTA RIKKER

1. Hang her up.
2. Shoot her with bow and arrow.
3. Throw bundles at her.

THE FALL

WHEN they have no more strength and they give up the fight, does the swimmer love the sea in which he drowns, the climber the mountainous height that will make fatal his fall, the zebra the lion that devours it? When they are past fear, when fear is behind them. I have watched, in a documentary film, a zebra succumbing, and I believe I saw a moment of love as it yielded. And I have fallen, rock-climbing.

It was several years ago that I fell, when I was an Army doctor in the Italian Alps, near the Yugoslav border. Carrying huge knapsacks, we would walk in single file from one mountain refuge to another. Usually we took the easiest or most natural route—the “normal” way, as we called it—but sometimes, for practice, we would take a shorter, almost perpendicular course. Being the doctor, wherever we went I had to be the last man on the line and take care of any soldier who lagged behind. It usually meant carrying his pack.

It was for my broad shoulders—no

other reason—that I was sent to join this Alpine corps. My colleagues who were assigned to regiments in the plains pitied me, but I thought of the Alps, which I had only seen from train windows, and was glad. Sitting on a high ridge or divide and watching the thick, gray fog on one side drift across to the other and become white clouds that sailed in a blue sky and cast their shadows on the valley, or coming to well-springs so clear one almost had to dip a hand into them to know they were there, I still felt glad. More often, however, I felt like a pack horse, especially if I had two knapsacks on my back, as I had on the day that I fell.

On that day, as I was following the company up a mountain, I found a soldier sitting on the side of the path. He looked pale, and his limbs trembled a little. We rested awhile, then I picked up his pack, hitched it to mine, and we slowly went on. We came to a towering rock that jutted out like a nose from the face of the mountain. The path was interrupted by it. A narrow ledge went around the rock. It was second-degree

climbing, not difficult, really—barely a need to hold on with one’s hands. If I felt apprehensive, it was only because of the great height and the overhang. Immediately under us, for thirty feet, was the air. Then the mountain slope again, steep and rocky. At the bottom of it, three or four hundred yards away, we could see the path down the mountain, gently sloping, the advance part of the company already on it. The soldier went first along the narrow ledge, cautiously leaning inward, and reached the soft soil of the path again. Then I went. Halfway around the rock, perhaps because I was stooping too much, the soldier’s knapsack swung to one side and came between me and a hold I was about to reach with my right hand. My left hand wasn’t in a position to support me, and so, not to fall backward, I crouched. In a moment, my hands were where my feet had been and my feet were dangling in the air, searching for a foothold in the inward-slanting rock. The ledge, which now I held on to with my hands, was inclined like the eaves of a roof—fairly safe to stand on, but unsafe to hold. More than gripping the ledge, my hands were pressing on it, and all the while my feet were only scraping the rock. I could feel my hands slipping little by little. I called for help then, but

the soldier stood there on the path, immobile and unaiding, a picture of fear. I could scarcely hold the grasp a moment longer, yet the moments passed and I held on still. My fingers were like claws on the rocky face. Behind me was open, airy space. I felt myself becoming weak and panting. As though I could hang on with my teeth, I bit the rock. The would-be bite was a parting kiss. Holding nothing, by nothing withheld, I rested for a moment in the abyss, as in a bed. After the effort to hang on, it was restful. I don’t think I ever have been or ever shall be again as comfortable as I was at that moment. I have never known such abandonment.

It was what had caused or contributed to causing my fall—the knapsacks—that saved me. I landed on them as on a huge, soft hump on an inclined rock thirty feet below the ledge, rolled down at least another thirty feet, and stopped



“Let’s get out of here before I say something I’ll be sorry for.”



"Is it just me or have the people around here been acting strangely lately?"

amid heather. I felt wrapped in pain, too shocked to move or cry. Then, slowly, each breath I took told me that the worst pain was in my ribs and that my arms were still fit to raise myself with, my legs to walk on. Holding myself stiffly and taking tiny steps, I walked toward the sergeant, who was coming for me. He helped me gently down toward the base. From there, like my patients, I descended to the railroad on a mule.

I suffered no long-lasting damage other than dreams. Often I have dreams about it. In them I don't rest, but twist and writhe in the abyss and never come to the bottom. They end only when I awake. Then I sit up on my bed, afraid to go to sleep again, and wonder why the dreams should be worse than the reality—why, when it happened, the air should have been like the softest and most restful bed I have known, and why, in my dreams, a bottomless pit.

Hoping to get rid of these dreams, I have consulted books and colleagues of mine. In my last days of military service, finding myself not far from the place where I fell, I even retraced my path to the rock and went round it, without knapsacks this time. But the dreams continued.

ONLY lately has something given me hope. In fact, I may even be cured. Recently, I went to New York for a visit. I arrived late in the evening and took a room in a skyscraper hotel

just west of Times Square. I asked for a room with a view, and got one on the twenty-fourth floor, looking south. The city had never seemed so beautiful to me or so lofty. It was late and it was raining hard, but I had an umbrella, and I couldn't resist going out for a walk.

The massive, many-terraced skyscrapers on Sixth Avenue at Bryant Park reminded me of the succession of cliffs on the face of mountains I had seen. On Park Avenue, the new buildings seemed made of ice. Back in my room, I switched out the lights and looked at the city. I felt as elated as when I had watched the fog become clouds in the Alps. Not until I lay in bed did I think of my fall. Then the slippery ledge came alive and I felt my hands holding the pillow with inordinate force—holding, holding, and then, finally, as I bade them to, giving way, yielding as they had done, though not because I had bidden them to, when I had prepared myself for the fall. I sat up on my bed, rose and returned to the window, and looked down at the street and across to other buildings higher even than mine. I thought of my dream. Reluctantly, I went back to my bed; I approached it warily, and pressed its softness with distrust.

I did dream. I was in midair, but not writhing and twisting; an umbrella was braking my fall. With the slowness and lightness of a soap bubble, I sank down the side of the cliff past pret-

ty crannies and nooks, past edelweiss that not even the boldest and most expert climber would have been able to reach, and landed as softly as a leaf.

When I awoke in the morning, the first thing I saw was my umbrella, which I had left open to dry near the window. Often since then, I have wished for another dream like the last one. But my nights have been dreamless. Perhaps it is the wish to dream that keeps them that way.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

THE REPLY

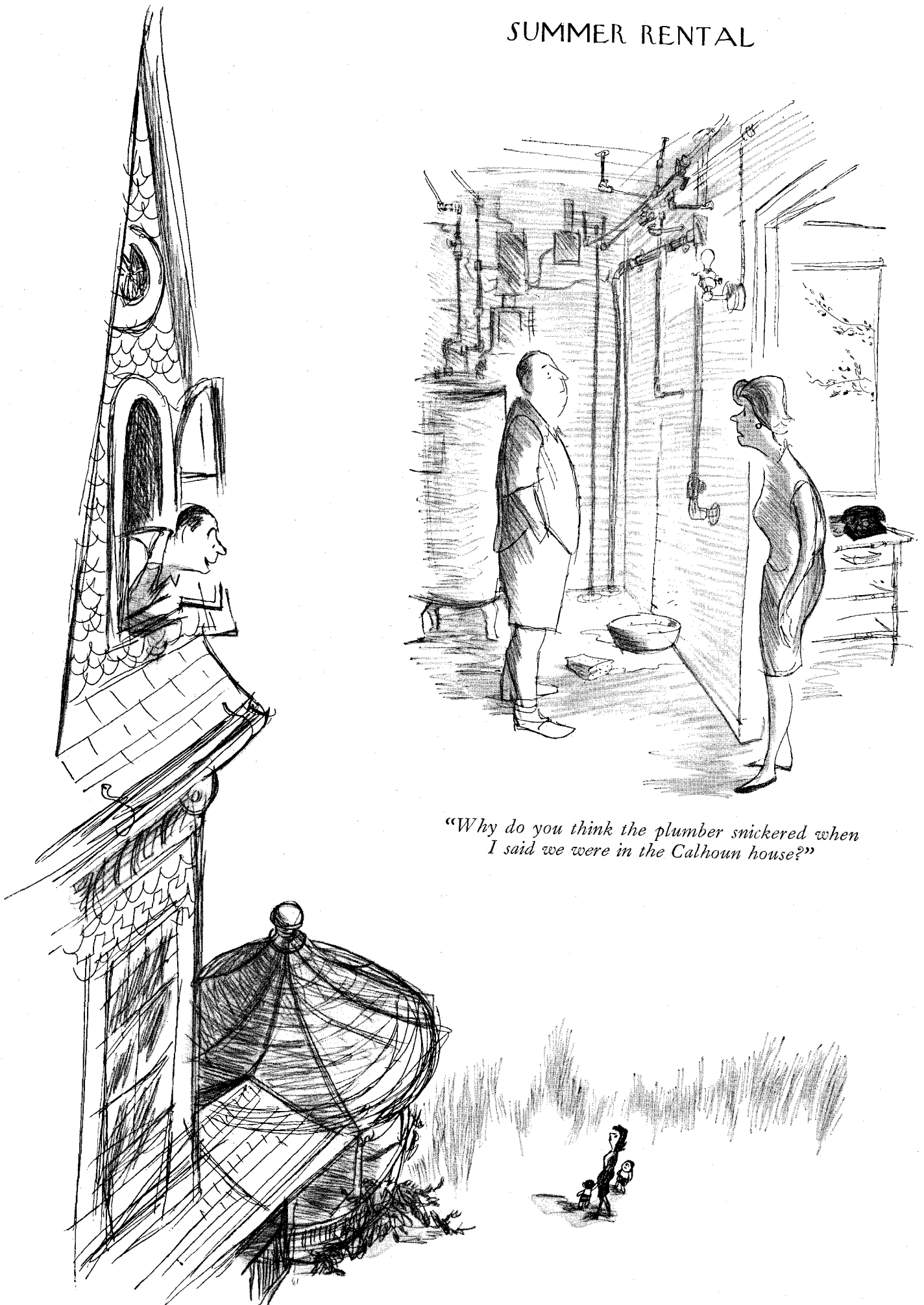
Bird, bird don't edge me in;
I've had enough today
Of your fine-honed lay
That prickles my coarse skin.

I'm neither out nor in
Before that simple tune
As cryptic as a rune,
As round and pure as the moon,
And fresh as salt-drenched skin.

This shivers me; I swear
A tune so bold and bare,
Yet fine as maidenhair,
Shakes every sense. I'm five
Times five a man; I breathe
This sudden random song,
And, like you, bird, I sing,
A man, a man alive.

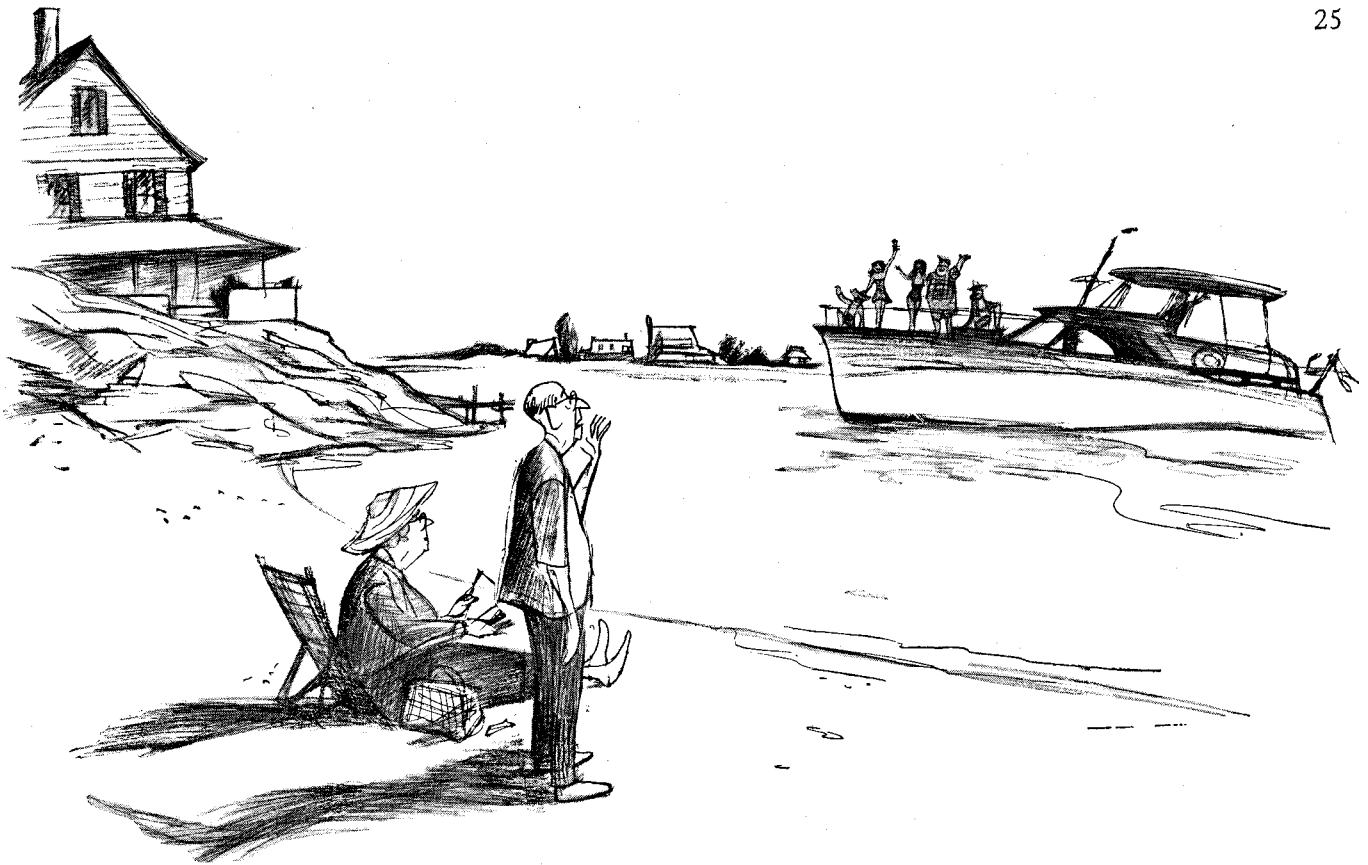
—THEODORE ROETHKE

SUMMER RENTAL



"Why do you think the plumber snickered when I said we were in the Calhoun house?"

"Guess what! Bound volumes of 'Motor Age,' 1901-1909."



"I said the Winslows aren't here ... they went to Europe ... and rented their house to us ... the Winslows aren't here ..."



"Now we know one thing. If there is one to the garage, it's not among these."



"Pardon me, but isn't there a Gristede's anywhere around here?"

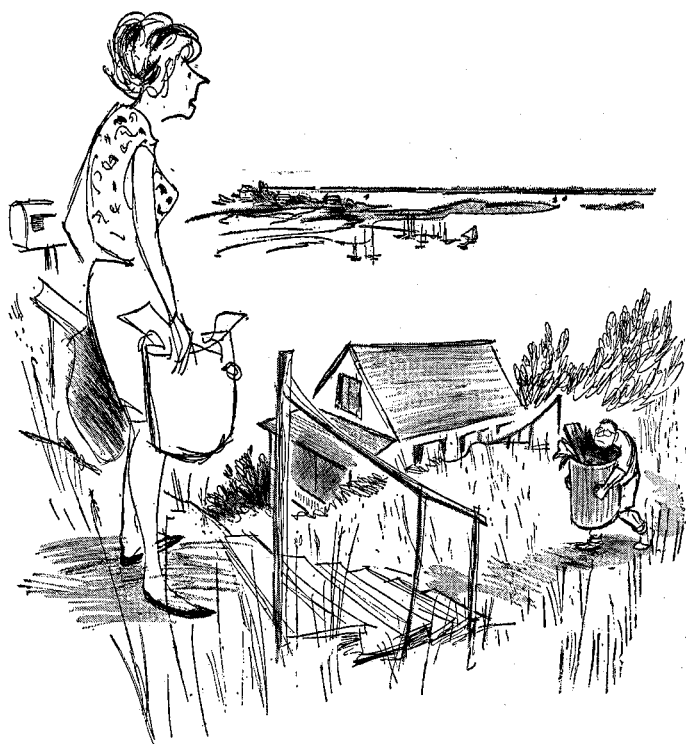


"Kelp."

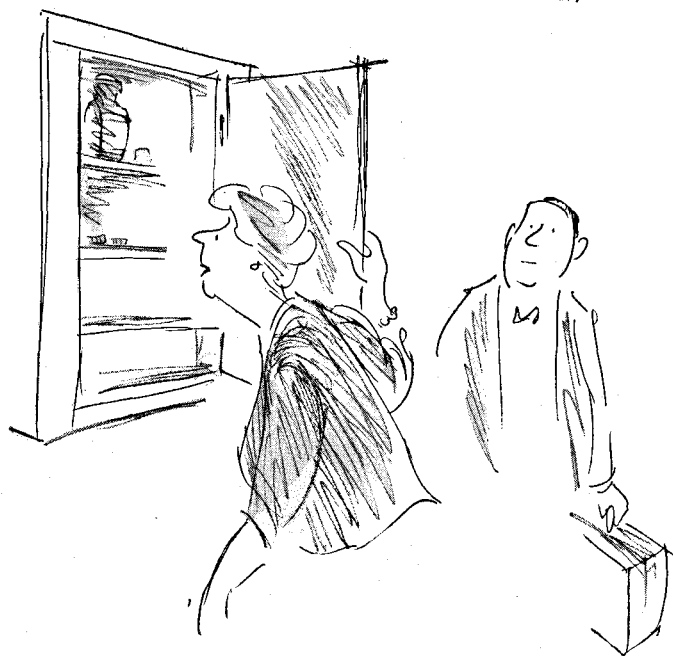


"On our first day! It wouldn't dare!"





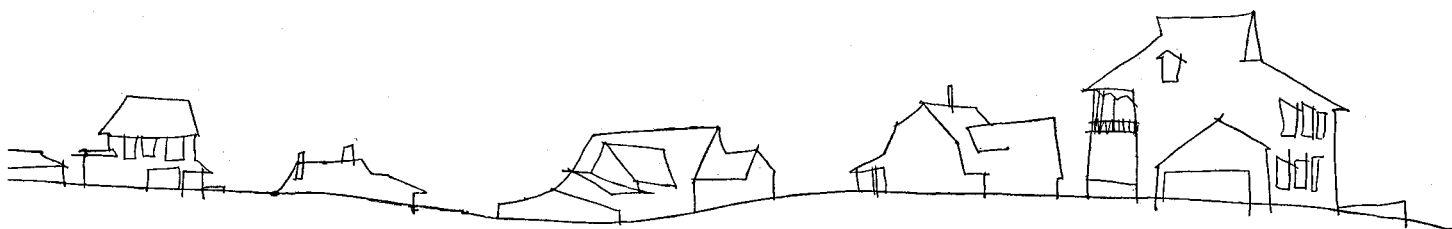
"We might as well put it back. They say garbage was yesterday."

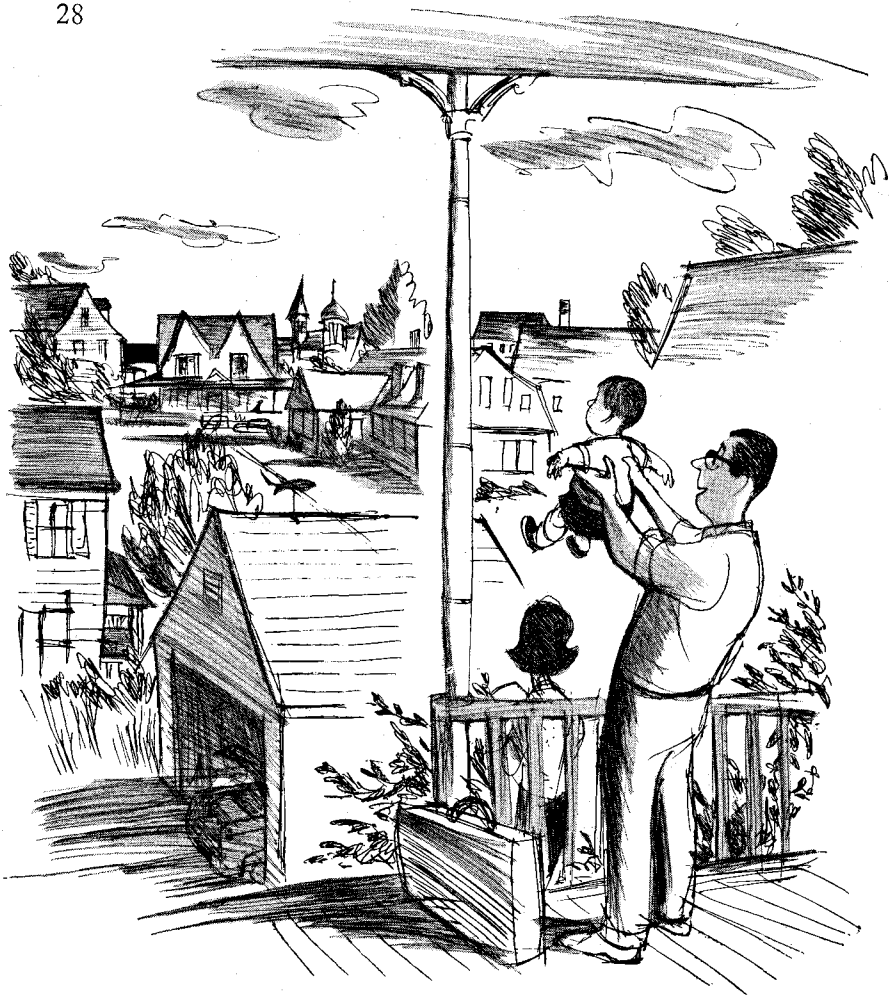


"A jar of chutney, a marshmallow, and two ant buttons."

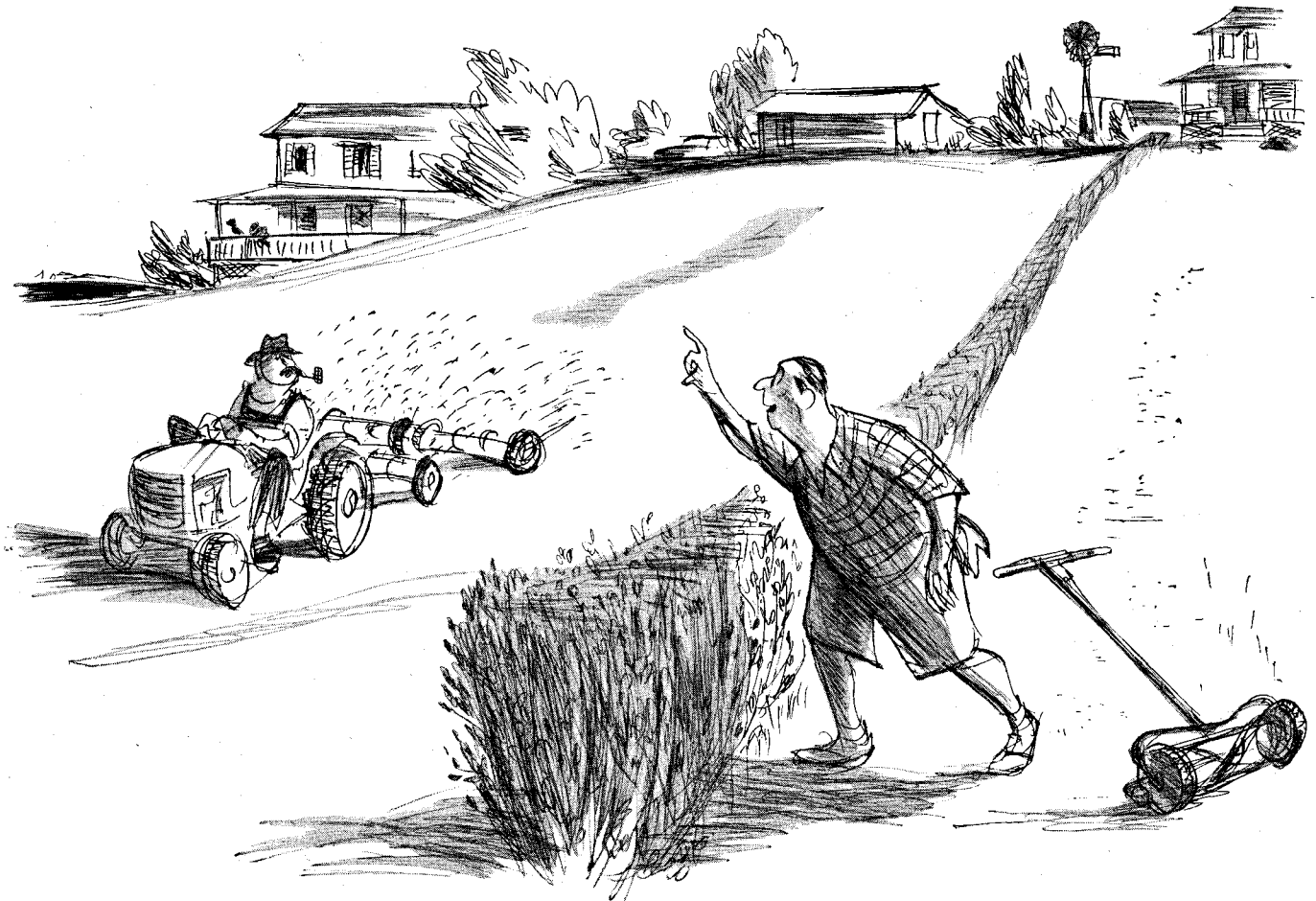
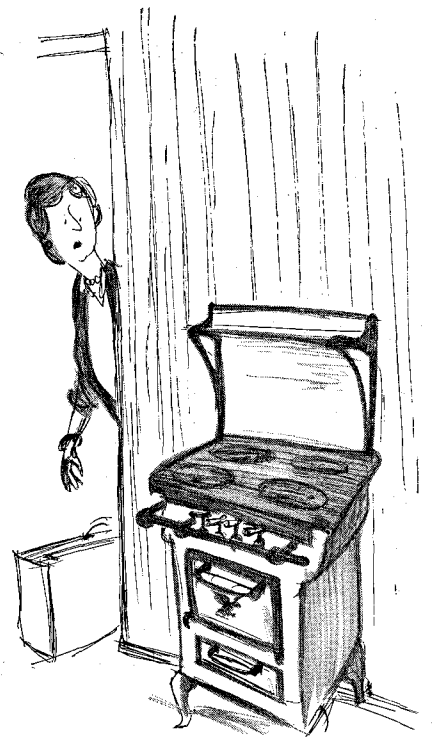


"Excuse me, but do you by any chance know where the key to the Palmers' might be if it isn't where it's supposed to be?"





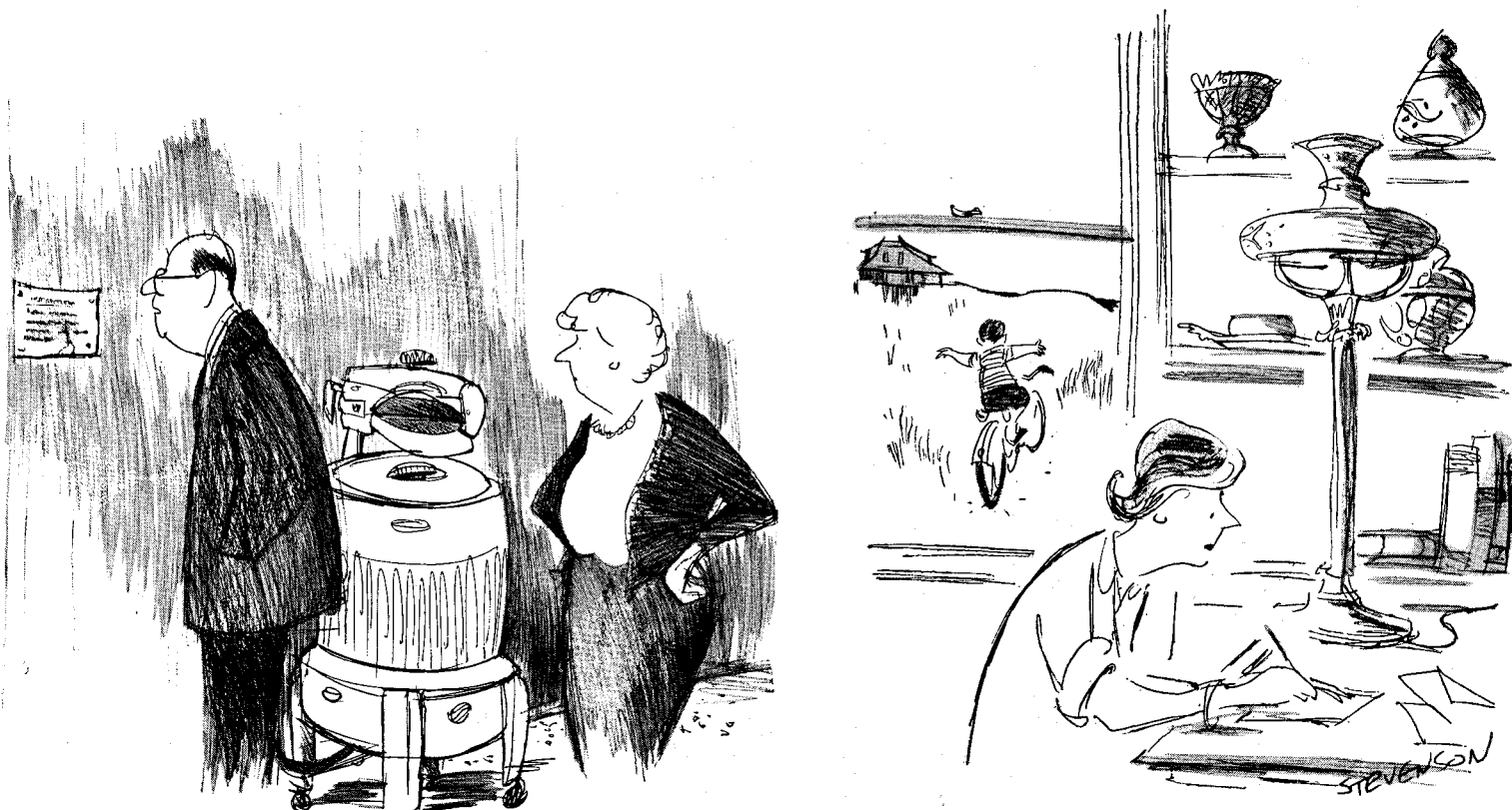
"See? Water."



"Could I have a word with you, sir?"



"We were hoping for one of those airy little beach houses on stilts, but I'm afraid we started late."



"... wait till you hear a click. Then turn the handle to the left as far as it will go ..."

"I hardly know how to break the news, we feel so utterly dreadful about it. That exquisite blue vase ..."

THE CHIMERA

WHEN I was young and used to go to the circus, there was an act called the Treviso Twins—Maria and Rosita. Rosita used to balance herself on the head of Maria, skulltop to skulltop, and be carried around the ring. Maria, as a result of this strenuous exercise, had developed short, muscular legs and a comical walk, and whenever I see my wife walking away from me I remember Maria Treviso. My wife is a big woman. She is one of the five daughters of Colonel Boysen, a Georgia politician, who was a friend of Calvin Coolidge. He went to the White House seven times, and my wife has a heart-shaped pillow embroidered with the word "LOVE" that was either the work of Mrs. Coolidge or was at one time in her possession. My wife and I are terribly unhappy together, but we have three beautiful children, and we try to keep things going. I do what I have to do, like everyone else, and one of the things I have to do is to serve my wife breakfast in bed. I try to fix her a nice breakfast, because this sometimes improves her disposition, which is generally terrible. One morning not long ago,

when I brought her a tray she clapped her hands to her face and began to cry. I looked at the tray to see if there was anything wrong. It was a nice breakfast—two hard-boiled eggs, a piece of Danish, and a Coca-Cola spiked with gin. That's what she likes. I've never learned to cook bacon. The eggs looked all right and the dishes were clean, so I asked her what was the matter. She lifted her hands from her eyes—her face was wet with tears and her eyes were haggard—and said, in the Boysen-family accent, "I cannot any longer endure being served breakfast in bed by a hairy man in his underwear."

I took a shower and dressed and went to work, but when I came home that night I could see that things were no better; she was still offended by my appearance that morning.

I cook most of the dinners on a charcoal grill in the back yard. Zena doesn't like to cook and neither do I, but it's pleasant being out-of-doors, and I like tending the fire. Our neighbors, Mr. Livermore and Mr. Kovacs, also do a lot of cooking outside. Mr. Livermore wears a chef's hat and an apron that

says "Name Your Pizen," and he also has a sign that says DANGER. MEN COOKING. Mr. Kovacs and I don't wear costumes, but I think we're more serious-minded. Mr. Kovacs once cooked a leg of lamb and another time a little turkey. We had hamburger that night, and I noticed that Zena didn't seem to have any appetite. The children ate heartily, but as soon as they were through—perhaps they sensed a quarrel—slipped off into the television room to watch the quarrels there. They were right about the quarrel. Zena began it.

"You're so inconsiderate," she thundered. "You never think of me."

"I'm sorry, darling," I said. "Wasn't the hamburger done?" She was drinking straight gin, and I didn't want a quarrel.

"It wasn't the hamburger—I'm used to the garbage you cook. What I have for dinner is no longer of any importance to me. I've learned to get along with what I'm served. It's just that your whole attitude is so inconsiderate."

"What have I done, darling?" I always call her darling, hoping that she may come around.

"What have you done? What have you done?" Her voice rose, and her face got red, and she got to her feet and, standing above me, she screamed, "You've ruined my life, that's what you've done."

"I don't see how I've ruined your life," I said. "I guess you're disappointed—lots of people are—but I don't think it's fair to blame it all on your marriage. There are lots of things I wanted to do—I wanted to climb the Matterhorn—but I wouldn't blame the fact that I haven't on anyone else."

"You. Climb the Matterhorn. Ha. You couldn't even climb the Washington Monument. At least I've done that. I had important ambitions. I might have been a businesswoman, a TV writer, a politician, an actress. I might have been a congresswoman!"

"I didn't know you wanted to be a congresswoman," I said.

"That's the trouble with you. You never think of me. You never think of what I might have done. You've ruined my life!" Then she went upstairs to her bedroom and locked the door.

Her disappointment was



"But, General, what real difference to your over-all objectives could it possibly make if our first man on the moon smoked Devons?"

ST.



painfully real, I knew, although I thought I had given her everything I had promised. The false promises, the ones whose unfulfillment made her so miserable, must have been made by Colonel Boysen, but he was dead. None of her sisters were happily married, and how disastrously unhappy they had been had never struck me until that night. I mean, I had never put it together. Lila, the oldest, had lost her husband while they were taking a stroll on a high cliff above the Hudson. The police had questioned her, and the whole family, including me, had been indignant about their suspiciousness, but mightn't she have given him a little push? Stella, the next oldest, had married an alcoholic, who systematically drank himself out of the picture. But Stella had been capricious and unfaithful, and mightn't her conduct have hastened his death? Jessica's husband had been drowned mysteriously in Lake George when they had stopped at a motel and gone for a night swim. And Laura's husband had been killed in a freak automobile accident while Laura was at the wheel. Were they murderers, I wondered—had I married into a family of incorrigible murderers? Was Zena's disappointment at not being a congresswoman powerful enough to bring her to plot my death? I didn't think so. I seemed much less afraid for my life than to need tenderness, love, loving, good cheer—all the splendid and decent things I know to be possible in the world.

The next day at lunch, a man from the office told me that he had met

a girl named Lyle Smythe at a party and that she was a tart. This was not exactly what I wanted, but my need to reacquaint myself with the tenderer members of the sex was excruciating. We said goodbye in front of the restaurant, and then I went back in to look up Lyle Smythe's number in the telephone book and see if I could make a date. One of the light bulbs in the lamp that illuminated the directory was dead and the print seemed faint and blurred to me. I found her name, but it was on the darkest part of the page, where the binding and the clasp drew the book together, and I had trouble reading the number. Was I losing my sight? Did I need glasses or was it only because the light was dim? Was there some irony in the idea of a man who could no longer read a telephone book trying to find a mistress? By moving my head up and down like a duck I found that I could read the exchange, and I struck a match to read the number. The lighted match fell out of my fingers and set fire to the page. I blew on the fire to extinguish it, but this only raised the flames, and I had to beat out the fire with my hands. My first instinct was to turn my head around to see if I had been watched, and I had been, by a tall, thin man wearing a plastic hat cover and a blue transparent raincoat. His figure startled me. He seemed to represent something—conscience, or evil—and I went back to the office and never made the call.

That night, when I was washing

the dishes, I heard Zena speak to me from the kitchen door. I turned and saw her standing there, holding my straight razor. (I have a heavy beard and shave with a straight-edged razor.) "You'd better not leave things like this lying around," she shouted. "If you know what's good for you, you'd better not leave things like this lying around. There are plenty of women in the world who would cut you to ribbons for what I've endured . . ." I wasn't afraid. What *did* I feel? I don't know. Bewilderment, crushing bewilderment, and some strange tenderness for poor Zena.

She went upstairs, and I went on washing the dishes and wondering if scenes like this were common on the street where I live. But God, oh, God, how much then I wanted some kind of loveliness, softness, gentleness, humor, sweetness, and kindness. And when the dishes were done, I went out of the house, out of the back door. In the dusk Mr. Livermore was dyeing the brown spots on his lawn with a squirt gun. Mr. Kovacs was cooking two rock hens. I did not invent this world, with all its paradoxes, but it was never my good fortune to travel, and since yards like these are perhaps the most I will see of life, I looked at the scene—even the DANGER. MEN COOKING sign—with intentness and feeling. There was music in the air—there always is—and it heightened my desire to see a beautiful woman. Then a sudden wind sprang up, a rain wind, and the smell of a deep forest—al-

though there are no forests in my part of the world—mushroomed among the yards. The smell excited me, and I remembered what it was like to feel young and happy, wearing a sweater and clean cotton pants, and walking through the cool halls of the house where I was raised and where, in the summer, the leaves hung beyond all the open doors and windows in a thick curtain of green and gold. I didn't remember my youth—I seemed to recapture it. Even more—because, given some self-consciousness by retrospect, I esteemed as well as possessed the bold privileges of being young. There was the music of a waltz from the Livermores' television set. It must have been a commercial for deodorants, girdles, or lady's razors, the air was so graceful and so sombre. Then, as the music faded—the forest smell was still sharp in the air—I saw her walk up the grass, and she stepped into my arms.

Her name was Olga. I can't change her name any more than I can change her other attributes. She was nothing, I know, but an idle reverie. I've never fooled myself about this. I've imagined that I've won the daily double, climbed the Matterhorn, and sailed, first class, for Europe, and I suppose I imagined Olga out of the same need for escape or tenderness, but, unlike any other reverie I've ever known, she came with a dossier of facts. She was beautiful, of course. Who, under the circumstances, would invent a shrew, a harridan? Her hair was dark, fragrant, and straight. Her face was oval, her skin was olive-colored, although I could hardly make out her features in the dusk. She had just come from California on the train. She had come not to help me but to ask my help. She needed protection from her husband, who was threatening to follow her. She needed love, strength, and counsel. I held her in my arms, basking in the grace and warmth of her presence. She cried when she spoke of her husband, and I knew what he looked like. I can see him now. He was an Army sergeant. There were scars on his thick neck, left from an attack of boils. His face was red. His hair was yellow. He wore a double row of campaign ribbons on a skin-tight uniform. His breath smelled of rye and toothpaste. I was so delighted by her company, her dependence, that I wondered—not at all seriously—if I wasn't missing a stitch. Did Mr. Livermore, dyeing his grass, have a friend as beautiful as mine? Did Mr. Kovacs? Did we share our disappointments this intimately? Was there such hidden balance and clemency in the universe

A HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

(FOR RENÉ MAGRITTE)

The carpenter's made a hole
In the parlor floor, and I'm standing
Staring down into it now
At four o'clock in the evening,
As Schliemann stood when his shovel
Knocked on the crowns of Troy.

A clean-cut sawdust sparkles
On the gray, shaggy laths,
And here is a cluster of shavings
From the time when the floor was laid.
They are silvery-gold, the color
Of Hesperian apple-parings.

Kneeling, I look in under
Where the joists go into hiding.
A pure street, faintly littered
With bits and strokes of light,
Enters the long darkness
Where its parallels will meet.

The radiator-pipe
Rises in middle distance
Like a shuttered kiosk, standing
Where the only news is night.
Here it's not painted green,
As it is in the visible world.

For God's sake, what am I after?
Some treasure, or tiny garden?
Or that untrodden place,
The house's very soul,
Where time has stored our footbeats
And the long skein of our voices?

Not these, but the buried strangeness
Which nourishes the known—
That spring from which the floor lamp
Drinks now a wilder bloom,
Inflaming the damask love seat
And the whole dangerous room.

—RICHARD WILBUR

that our needs were always required? Then it began to rain. It was time for her to go, but we took such a long, sweet hour to say goodbye that when I went back into the kitchen I was wet through to the skin.

ON Wednesday night I always take my wife to the Chinese restaurant in the village, and then we go to the movies. We order the family dinner for two, but my wife eats most of it. She's a big eater. She reaches right across the table and grabs my egg roll, empties the roast duck onto her plate, takes my fortune cookie away from me, and then when she's done she sighs a deep sigh and says, "Well, you certainly stuffed yourself." On Wednesdays I always eat a big lunch in town, so I won't be hungry. I always have the calf's liver and bacon or something like that, to fill me up.

As soon as I stepped into the restaurant that night, I thought I would see Olga. I hadn't known that she would return—I hadn't thought about it—but since I've seen the summit of the Matterhorn in my dreams much more than once, mightn't she reappear? I felt happy and expectant. I was glad that I had on my new suit and had remembered to get a haircut. I wanted her

to see me at my best, and I wanted to see her in a brighter light than she had appeared in that rainy night. Then I noticed that the Muzak was playing the same sombre and graceful waltz that I had heard coming from the Livermores' television, and I thought that perhaps this was no more than a deception of the music—some simple turn of memory that had fooled me as I had been fooled by the smell of the rain into thinking that I was young.

There was no Olga. I had no consolation. Then I felt desperate, desolate, crushed. I noticed how Zena smacked her lips and gave me a challenging glare, as if she was daring me to touch the shrimp foo-yong. But I wanted Olga, and the force of my need seemed to reestablish her reality. How could anything I desired so ardently be unreal? The music was only a coincidence. I straightened up again and looked around the place cheerfully, expecting her to come in at any minute, but she never did.

I didn't think she would be at the movies—I knew she didn't like movies—but I still had the feeling that I would see her that night. I didn't deceive myself—I want to make this clear; I knew she was unreal, and yet she seemed to have some punctuality, some order, some schedule of engagements, and above all I needed her. After my wife went to bed I sat on the edge of the bathtub reading the newspaper. My wife doesn't like me to sit in the kitchen or the living room, so I read in the bathroom, where the light is bright. I was reading when Olga came in. There



was no waltz music, no rain, nothing that could account for her presence, excepting my loneliness. "Oh my darling," I said, "I thought you were going to meet me at the restaurant." She said something about not wanting to be seen by my wife. Then she sat down beside me on the bathtub, I put my arms around her, and we talked about her plans. She was looking for an apartment. She was then living in a cheap hotel, and she was having trouble finding a job. "It's too bad you can't type and take shorthand," I remember telling her. "It might almost be worthwhile going to school. . . . I'll look around and see if I can find anything. Sometimes there's an opening for a receptionist. . . . You could do that, couldn't you? I won't let you be a hat-check girl or a restaurant hostess. No, I won't let you. I'd rather pay your salary until something better comes along. . . ."

My wife threw open the bathroom door. Women's hair curlers, like grass dye and funny signs, only seem to me reminders of the fact that we must find more serious and finer things upon which to comment, and I will only say that my wife wears so many and such bellicose hair curlers that anybody trying to romance her would lose an eye. "You're talking to yourself," she thundered. "You can be heard all over the neighborhood. They'll think you're nuts. And you woke me up. You woke me out of a sound sleep, and you know that if my first sleep is interrupted I can't ever get to sleep again." She went to the medicine cabinet and took a sleeping pill. "If you want to talk to yourself," she said, "go on up to the attic." She went into her bedroom and locked the door.

A FEW nights later, when I was cooking some hamburgers in the back yard, I saw what looked to be some rain clouds rising in the south. I thought this was a good sign. I wanted some news of Olga. After I had washed the dishes I went out onto the back porch and waited. It isn't really a porch—just a little wooden platform with four steps above the garbage pail. Mr. Livermore was on his porch, and Mr. Kovacs was on his, and I wondered were they waiting as I was for a chimera. If I



*"Those were the days—when we
had to worry about the dangers of overconfidence."*

went over, for instance, and asked Mr. Livermore if his was blond or dark-haired, would he understand? For a minute I wanted terribly to confide in someone. Then the waltz began to play, and just as the music faded she ran up the steps.

Oh, she was very happy that night! She had a job. I knew all about this, because I'd found the job for her. She was working as a receptionist in the same building where I worked. What I didn't know was that she had found an apartment—not a real apartment but a furnished room with a kitchen and bath of her own. This was just as well, because all her furniture was in California. Would I come and see the apartment? Would I come now? We could take a late train in and spend the night there. I said that I would, but first I had to go into the house and see that the children were all right. I went upstairs to the children's room. They were asleep. Zena had already locked herself in. I went into the bathroom to wash my hands and found on the basin a note, written by Betty-Ann, my oldest daughter. "Dere Daddy," she had written, "do not leave us."

This convergence of reality and unreality was meaningless. The children wouldn't know anything about my delusion. The back porch, to their clear eyes, would seem empty. The note would only reflect their inescapable knowledge of my unhappiness. But

Olga was waiting on the back porch. I seemed to feel her impatience, to see the way she swung her long legs, glanced at her wristwatch (a graduation present), and smoked a cigarette, and yet I also seemed nailed to the house by the children's plea. I could not move. I remembered a parade in the village I had taken my youngest son to not long ago. It was the annual march of some provincial and fraternal order. There were two costumed bands and half a dozen platoons of the fraternity. The marchers, the brotherhood, seemed mostly to be marginal workmen—post-office clerks and barbers, I guess. The weather couldn't have accounted for my attitude, because I remembered clearly that it was fair and cool, but the effect of the parade upon me was as sombre as if I had stood on some gallows hill. In the ranks I saw faces lined by drink, harried by hard work, wasted by worry, and stamped invariably with disappointment, as if the gala procession was meant to prove that life is a force of crushing compromise. The music was boisterous, but the faces and the bodies were the faces and bodies of compromised men, and I remembered getting to my feet and staring into the last of the ranks, looking for someone with clear features that would dispel my sober feelings. There was no one. Sitting in the bathroom, I seemed to join the marchers. I seemed to experience for the first time in my life what they must all have



"Never mind who this is. If you want your husband back, you can have him for a washing machine, a dryer, a dishwasher, an air-conditioner, and a television set."

known—racked and torn with the desire to escape and nailed through the heart by a plea. I ran downstairs, but she had gone. No pretty woman waits very long for anyone. She was a fiction, and yet I couldn't bring her back, any more than I could change the fact that her wristwatch was a graduation present and that her name was Olga.

She didn't come back for a week, although Zena was in terrible shape and there seemed to be some ratio, some connection, between her obstreperousness and my ability to produce a phantom. Every night at eight, the Livermores' television played the sombre and graceful waltz, and I was out there every night. Ten days passed before she returned. Mr. Kovacs was cooking. Mr. Livermore was dyeing his grass. The music had just begun to fade when she appeared. Something had changed. She held her head down. What was wrong? As she came up the steps, I saw that she had been drinking. She was drunk. She began to cry as soon as I took her in my arms. I stroked her soft, dark hair, perfectly happy to support and hold her, whatever had happened. She told me

everything. She had gone out with a man from the office. He had got her drunk and seduced her. She had felt too ashamed of herself to go to work in the morning, and had spent some time in a bar. Then, half drunk, she had gone to the office to confront her seducer, and there had been a disorderly scene, during which she was fired. It was I she had betrayed, she told me. She didn't care about herself. I had given her a chance to lead a new life and she had failed me. I caught myself smiling fatuously at the depth of her dependence, the ardor with which she clung to me. I told her that it would be all right, that I would find her another job and pay her rent in the meantime. I forgave her, and she promised to return the next evening.

I rushed outdoors the next night—I was there long before eight o'clock, but she didn't come. She wasn't thoughtless. I knew that. She wouldn't deliberately disappoint me. She must be in trouble again, but how could I help her? How could I get word to her? I seemed to know the place where she lived. I knew its smells, its lights, the van Gogh reproduction, and the cigarette burns on

the end table, but even so, the room didn't exist, and I couldn't look there. I thought of looking for her in the neighborhood bars, but I was not yet this insane. I waited for her again on the following night. I was worried but not angry when she didn't come, since she was, after all, such a defenseless child. The next night, it rained, and I knew she couldn't come, because she didn't have a raincoat. She had told me that. The next day was Saturday, and I thought she might put off her return until Monday, the weekend train and bus schedules being so erratic. This seemed sensible to me, but I was so convinced that she would return on Monday that when she failed me I felt terribly disappointed and lost. She came back on Thursday. It was the same hour of day; I heard the same graceful waltz. Even down the length of the yard, long before she reached the porch, I could see she was staggering. Her hair was dishevelled, her dress was torn, her wristwatch missing. I asked her, for some reason, about the wristwatch, but she couldn't remember where it was. I took her in my arms, and she told me



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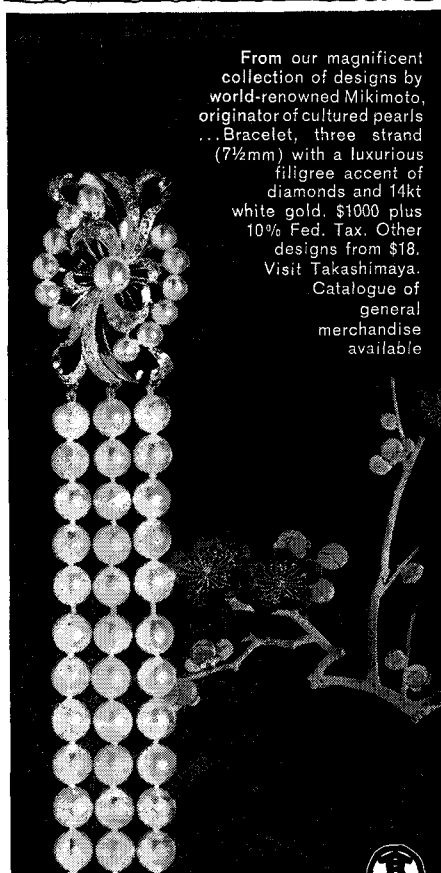


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what had happened. Her seducer had returned. She had let him in; she had let him move in. He stayed three days, and then they gave a party for some friends of his. The party was late and noisy, and the landlady called the police, who raided the place and took Olga off to jail, where she was charged with using the room for immoral purposes. She was in the Women's House of Detention for three days before her case was heard. A kindly judge gave her a suspended sentence. Now she was going back to California, back to her husband. She was no better than he, she kept insisting; they were two of a kind. He had wired her the money, and she was taking the night train. I tried to persuade her to stay and begin a new life. I was willing to go on helping her; I would take her on any terms. I shook her by the shoulders—I remember that. I remember shouting at her, "You can't go! You can't go! You're all I have. If you go, it will only prove that even the most transparent inventions of my imagination are subject to lust and age. You can't go! You can't leave me alone!"

"Stop talking to yourself," my wife shouted from the television room, and at that moment a thought occurred to me: Since I had invented Olga, couldn't I invent others—dark-eyed blondes, vivacious redheads with marbly skin, melancholy brunettes, dancers, women who sang, lonely housewives? Tall women, short women, sad women, women whose burnished hair flowed to their waists, sloe-eyed, squint-eyed, violet-eyed beauties of all kinds and ages could be mine. Mightn't Olga's going only mean that she was making room for someone else? —JOHN CHEEVER

GO CLIMB A TREE ON STATEN ISLAND

[From the prospectus of a summer writers' conference planned by Wagner College]

No courses in juvenile writing, magazine article writing, television writing, and other sorts of commercial writing are being given. The conference is designed for the promising young writer interested in serious work.

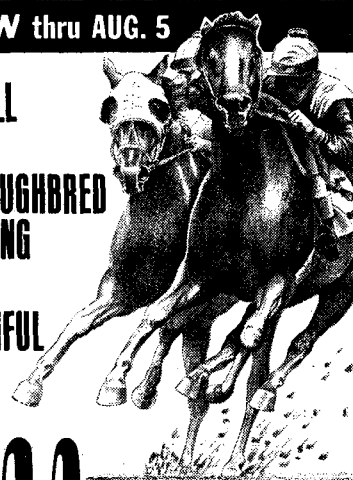
When the Philharmonic Hall of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts opens in September, 1962, concertgoers will sit beneath a ceiling of acoustical panels called "clouds."...

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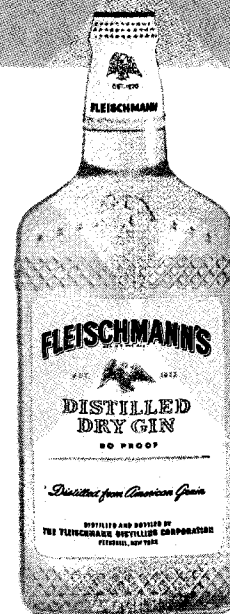
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Some time ago Mr. Ghertner was confined to bed with a virus infection. During that period, however, Home Interphone helped him share family activities, and ask for help without effort.

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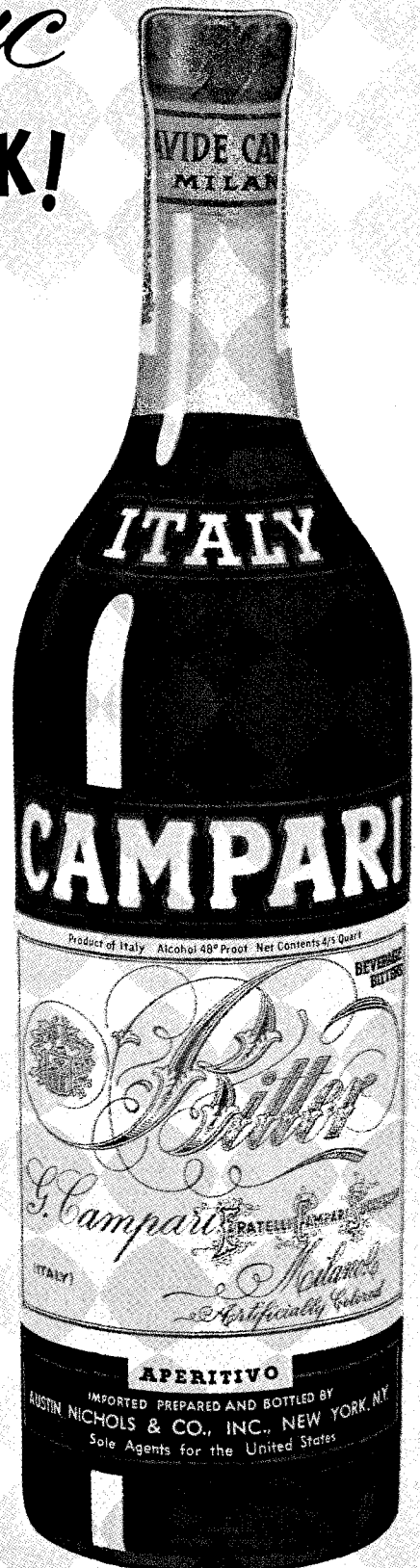
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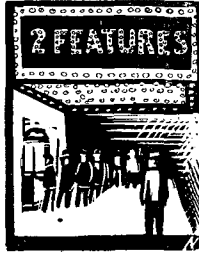


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hard Times

ANOTHER remarkable picture out of Italy—"Rocco and His Brothers," which deserves mention in the same breath with "La Dolce Vita" and "L'Avventura." I fear it will have to be quite a long breath, because Luchino Visconti, who directed and co-produced "Rocco and His Brothers," and even had a hand in writing it, is like his gifted colleagues Federico Fellini and Michelangelo Antonioni in taking his own sweet-sour time about telling a story. He is also like them in being determined to make his story serve as a statement of his intellectual position. "This," he seems to be saying, "is how I have come to see life. I insist upon pointing out to you, in detail and occasionally for tiresome reasons, the conditions that have shaped my beliefs. Do you find it not worth your while to let me be both long-winded and somewhat didactic? So much the worse for you. I have aimed at bringing off a work of art, and I have aimed as high as I could, but I would far rather describe with perfect clarity what I believe to be the nature of the human predicament than be a perfect artist. Now, stop trying to look at your watch in the dark. This movie will be over when I want it to be over, and not a moment before."

Well, of course Mr. Visconti hasn't achieved the perfect clarity I make him boast of seeking, but he has come astonishingly close to doing so, and it is only fair to warn you that the result is often more truly an ordeal than an entertainment. For "Rocco and His Brothers" makes few efforts to charm or divert; it is not our mentor's way to tease us into attention or to coat a bitter pill with candy. Where Mr. Fellini, in the course of speaking *his* mind, takes care to hold our interest with spectacular camera shots and dazzling changes of scene and character, and where Mr. Antonioni cunningly leads us on what amounts to a tourist's trip through the Italian landscape even as he leads us down through the bleak inscape of a man's mind, Mr. Visconti's point of view, his large cast of characters, and the setting they inhabit vary within the narrowest possible limits. The weather itself strikes the same dull, powerful note: it has nearly always just stopped raining. Slowly and gravely, as if stone by stone, Mr. Visconti builds an enormous edifice of images all around



us. It is not exhilarating to be thus imprisoned, but I assure you it is worth experiencing.

Nothing could sound more old-fashioned than the plot of "Rocco and His Brothers." Like any one of a thousand fat, intricate novels of family life, it concerns an ambitious widow and an adroitly assorted bevy of sons who abandon an impoverished life on the soil to seek their fortunes in a great city and, seduced by false values or tripped by the iron chain of circumstance, are brought to an unhappy end. Mr. Visconti is a bold man. He deals with this subject matter as if

he had it fresh from the hand of God. He draws us a possessive mother, a "good" son, a "bad" son, a vengeful prostitute, and so on, at full length, lest we, not knowing that such characters exist in real life—to say nothing of art—mistake the meaning of their deeds. And to an uncanny degree Mr. Visconti's boldness pays off. We may be driven half mad with impatience, but we learn to feel that family's sufferings in our bones. Much of the credit for this goes, I admit, to an exemplary cast, among whom are Katina Paxinou, as the emotionally grasping mother; Alain Delon, as the "good" son; Renato Salvatori, as the "bad" son; and Annie Girardot, as the prostitute. Miss Girardot deserves particular praise. To make the role of a prostitute interesting at this stage of the game requires genius.

"THE GUNS OF NAVARONE," filmed in Hollywood-on-the-Aegean, is one of those great big bow-wow, or maybe I should say bang-bang, movies that are no less thrilling because they are so preposterous. Indeed, if they weren't preposterous they would be merely painful or disgusting, for the people in them are killed, maimed, and tortured at a fearful rate, and we are supposed to feel immensely pleased when, at the end of the picture, it turns out that only a small fraction of the original cast has managed to survive. I would like to say that "The Guns of Navarone" is straight out of Henty, but I can't, because I've never read Henty; let me content myself with saying that it shows a plucky band of men performing feats of derring-do against impossible odds with an insouciance that comes largely from generations of careful crossbreeding in West Sussex. Let me also confess that I was

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held more or less spellbound all the way through this many-colored rubbish. I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had Gregory Peck's looks, Anthony Quinn's courage, David Niven's knack with high explosives in tight places, and the leg muscles of all three. They are middle-aged men, but the way they survive shipwreck, scale cliffs, and rattle Nazis!

THE most frantic thing about a French movie called "Frantic" is the plot, which (as Gibbon said of the condition of Corsica) is easier to deplore than describe. The director, Louis Malle, evidently had it in mind to make an ambitious thriller; instead, through self-indulgence—nearly every scene runs far too long for its own good—he has made a slack and unexciting one. The character I liked best was a vulgar German businessman, who quickly got murdered. This violates a cardinal rule of thrillers: Murdered people mustn't be fascinating. That quality is reserved for the murderer and the person or persons he just fails to murder. In "Frantic" we are offered two murderers, one of whom is a dumb and nasty juvenile delinquent, and the other simply a very tense young man in love with a very tense young woman. No, no, it won't do.

—BRENDAN GILL

Fashionables in the Free World continue to aid victims of oppression in unfree countries.

The Animal Kingdom Ball Thursday night was sponsored by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—*Houston Post*.

We thank God every night for fashionables.

American travel executives in Copenhagen are promoting European tourism to the United States, reassuring potential travelers they can live on a dollar a day there. J. J. Horan, board chairman of the National Association of Travel Organizations, said in the opening meeting of the drive that the United States is not a millionaire's playground.—*Santa Barbara (Calif.) News-Press*.

It's just a little old pauper's paradise.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Marietta (Ohio) Times]

PINE BLUFF, ARK. (AP)—Wally Briscoe, chairman of the Miss Pine Bluff Beauty Pageant, did a double take when he saw the reply of 21-year-old Gudron Pastetenbecker to a form query for her dimensions.

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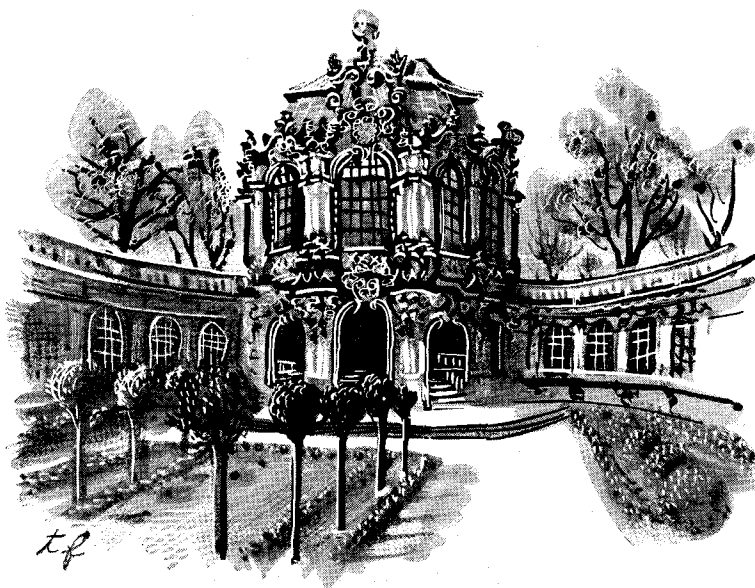
THE FAR SIDE OF AN ABYSS

ONE day not long ago, I received a phone call at my summer home, in Vienna, from the composer Paul Kont, whose wife, the concert cellist Hedy Lourie, often sits in for an evening of Haydn and Beethoven with an informal string quartet that it is my good fortune to belong to. Kont told me that his new opera, "Lysistrata," was to have its world première at the Landesbühne Sachsen, or National Theatre Company, in Dresden, a few weeks later, and asked if I would like to go along with his party. Now, Dresden is in East Germany, and is thus a forbidden city as far as American citizens are concerned. Americans can occasionally get permission to attend the Leipzig Fair, and, of course, they have free access to Berlin, but the rest of East Germany is off limits.

For the past ten years, I knew, Dresden, the third-largest city in the D.D.R., or Deutsche Demokratische Republik, had been as inaccessible to American journalists as Peking. I told Kont that I would be delighted to go, but that I doubted very much whether I could get an entry permit into East Germany. He assured me that he would arrange for that—a promise that sounded like a typical bit of lighthearted Viennese optimism to me—and said I would hear from him soon.

A few days later, an official invitation arrived from the Landesbühne Sachsen, signed by Rudi Kostka, its *Intendant*, or artistic director. Would I please let him know whether I would be able to attend the première, he wrote, so he could reserve complimentary tickets and "be helpful with the formalities of getting you an entry permit into the D.D.R.?" I replied at once, asking for one ticket, and heard no more from the Landesbühne. Just in case an entry permit *should* come, I went around to the American consulate and inquired whether there would be any objection to my going to Dresden. The consulate said that if the East Germans would let me in, I was free to make the trip, but that if I got into any kind of jam, there would be nobody I could appeal to for help, since the United States, never

having recognized the D.D.R., has no representative there. I planned to make the journey, if I made it at all, by train, and since the only direct train between Vienna and Dresden—the Vindobona Express—runs through Czechoslovakia, I called at the Czechoslovakian Embassy to see whether, if everything



else went well, I could get a transit visa. The Czechoslovak press attaché, a friendly man, said that if I got an entry permit into the D.D.R., I could be sure of the transit visa.

The première of "Lysistrata" was to take place on a Sunday night. The preceding Monday afternoon, the composer, who had hoped to attend the final rehearsals, was still in Vienna, waiting for his permit and making frantic long-distance calls to influential friends in East Berlin. On Monday night, a special-delivery letter for Kont arrived from East Berlin with entry permits for himself, his wife, and his mother, for two other Austrians, and for me. Permit No. 47,661 stated that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs authorized Joseph Wechsberg, American, to travel to Dresden by the shortest route, and added that "after arrival in Dresden, permission to stay and exit visa must be secured at the local police." I could get into the D.D.R., that is, but had no guarantee of getting out again. At the Czechoslovakian Embassy, the press attaché came up with my transit visa in ten minutes, and wished me a good trip.

KONT and the other Austrians were able to start the following morning, but it was Wednesday before I

could get away. The Vindobona Express leaves at ten minutes after ten, from the Franz Josef Station, which is so old and shabby that people boarding a train there for points behind the Iron Curtain are put into a lower-standard-of-living frame of mind right at the beginning. I found the Express—

a three-car Czech streamliner—standing on a siding a little apart from the station, as if it were anxious not to be identified with the politically wrong side of the tracks. In each compartment were beautiful photographs of Czechoslovakian spas and scenic wonders, but their appeal seemed to be limited, for there were only a handful of passengers, nearly all of them bound for Prague.

The train pulled out on time, and a couple of hours later, at the Austrian border station

of Gmünd, the Austrian train crew got off, a Czech crew came aboard, and the train crossed the Lužnice River. The border was marked by an electrified barbed-wire fence, which stretched off on either side of the bridge as far as the eye could see. The porcelain insulators on top of the fence glistened in the sun, and alongside the fence was a strip of freshly plowed land that could easily have been a potato field but, I knew, was sown with land mines instead of potatoes.

At the Czech border station, České Velenice, soldiers armed with submachine guns took up positions at the exit doors of the coaches, and the tedious machinery of the police state got to work. An official collected all passports in one high stack, and returned them half an hour later. There was currency control, and customs inspection, and the conductors saw to it that no passenger moved from his seat until the whole rigmarole was finished. As soon as I could, I headed for the dining car, where I had a bottle of genuine Pilsen Prazdroj and where the waiter entered the price in my currency declaration and also in a special book I was obliged to carry. On the menu, prices were marked in Austrian schillings, Czech koruny, and East German marks, but the waiter, who used a sort of slide



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rule to figure out the various exchange rates, told me that East German money would be accepted only while the train was in East German territory. "West German marks, dollars, and Swiss francs we take everywhere," he said.

The morning was bright and sunny, and the Czech countryside looked lovely—particularly so to me, I suppose, for I was born in Czechoslovakia. At intervals along the track, there were stretches where cinders from passing steam locomotives had set the grass on fire, and the nostalgic smell of smoke reminded me of autumns in my childhood. The semaphores and other railroad installations had been painted in black and yellow stripes, no doubt for the sake of visibility, and I recalled that when I was a boy, black and yellow were a highly suspect color combination, because those—or, at least, black and gold—had been the colors of the Hapsburg monarchy. In most stations, I saw powerful Skoda locomotives adorned with large red stars, and there were the usual posters and streamers—"Together and Forward Toward the Third Five-Year Plan," and so on. The posters were new, but the buildings behind them were old and familiar. Tabor, Říčany, Cerčany, Senohraby—how often I had come to these places from Prague for the weekend, to go swimming or to hike in the woods.

In Prague, the train filled with Czech and East German businessmen and with delegations, technicians, experts, and students from the Eastern and underdeveloped countries. I now shared the compartment with a businessman from Thuringia, an uncommunicative Chinese, and a friendly African who wore a Swiss watch on his wrist and an East German F.D.J. (Freie Deutsche Jugend) button in his lapel.

The African was from Ghana, he said, and proudly showed me his passport. "I got one of our first new passports," he told me, in British-accented English. "It's got a very low number. Beautiful, isn't it? It says, 'Good for all countries'—that means all countries in the West and in the East. I bet not many people have such a passport nowadays." He went on to say that he was an organizer of youth movements, travelling to study such organizations in other countries, and had been not only in Prague but in Peking and Moscow and Warsaw and East Berlin. "But Prague was the most exciting of all," he

added. "So much going on. Everybody meets there."

The Saxon businessman was on his way home from the Czech town of Hradec Králové, where he had been negotiating the delivery of some sugar-refining machinery to the Soviet Union. "We make some parts and the Czechs make some," he said. "It's a reciprocal deal, planned to avoid duplication. Everything everywhere is planned now. For example, the Czechs produce certain small tractors, and the D.D.R. makes the larger ones. We send machinery and optical instruments to the Soviet Union and they send us raw materials—iron, coal, and steel. The Czechs make locomotives, the Poles make railroad cars, the Yugoslavs and Bulgarians raise food. And when you get to Dresden you will see dried bananas from North Vietnam.

I have a Hungarian television set in my home, and I have a friend in Budapest who has an East German set. All this takes a lot of paperwork and official planning, and of course we can't compete with each other, as you do in the capitalistic West, but there

are certain advantages. We have no business cycles—no boom, no bust, and no recessions or depressions. Admittedly, we also have no risks, no excitement, no chance to make something better. But it's secure." He spoke in a perfectly detached fashion, simply giving me the facts, and I couldn't tell whether he really approved or disapproved of the system, or both.

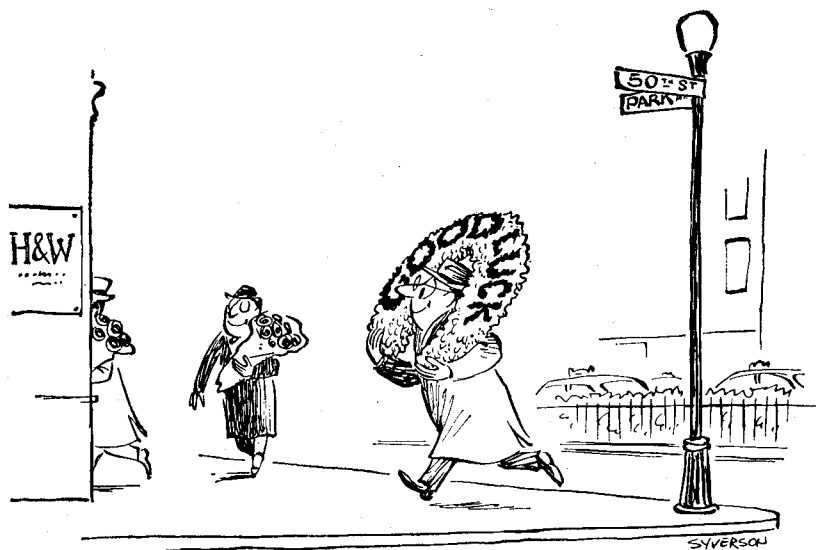
The Vindobona Express whizzed past the lovely vineyards of Mělník and then past Terezín, the site of the largest concentration camp in Czechoslovakia during the Nazi occupation. This was the region that had once been known as the Sudetenland, and it was here that Hitler began the campaign of terrorism that resulted in the destruction of the Czechoslovakian state and the division of its territory among Germany, Hungary, and Poland. The Czechs did not forget. At the end of the war, they forcibly evacuated three million Sudeten Germans and later tried to repopulate the emptied towns and villages with Czech settlers. It was a difficult process and not always successful. Quite a few of the areas I passed through still had a deserted look, but in other sections there were big factories that had apparently been built in the past few years. The train was going very fast and we were bouncing up and down on our seats. The Chinese stared out impassively. The Ghanaian



laughed. "Great fun," he said. In an adjoining compartment, a Czech who had brought in some bottles of beer from the dining car was sharing them with two East Germans—to celebrate "the brotherhood of socialism that has made friends out of former enemies," he said. I had thought that dialogue like this existed only in Communist propaganda films.

We reached Děčín, the Czechoslovakian border station on the East German frontier, at six-twenty-five. Once more, our passports spent half an hour in official hands, and then the train went on through the picturesque border mountains—the Erzgebirge. I saw no fortifications as we passed the boundary—only a couple of high watchtowers manned by Czech soldiers with submachine guns slung casually over their shoulders. Presumably, no one would bother to cross illegally from one Socialist-brotherhood country into another. At the first East German station, Bad Schandau, the Czech train crew was replaced by East Germans. The color of the soldiers' uniforms changed from khaki to blue, but both the Czechs and the East Germans, I noticed, had adopted Russian-style epaulets. We were rolling along beside the Elbe now, and I wanted to look out at the scenery along its banks, and at the bright houses with dark crossbeams, so reminiscent of fairy tales, but for some time everybody was kept busy with red tape—currency, customs, and the rest, all handled very methodically and very politely. When the last uniformed official had left, it was almost time to get off. At twelve minutes past seven, right on the dot, the train stopped in the huge new Hauptbahnhof station of Dresden.

Half a dozen other passengers got off the train when I did, but they were soon swallowed up in the vastness of the station and I was left alone on the platform. A porter seized my bags, and as I followed him to the taxi rank I tried to recall the Dresden I had known as a young man. It was called the City of Culture, and it was one of the world's truly beautiful cities. I remembered how the Elbe, flowing in from the mountains in nearby Sächsische Schweiz and forming a graceful curve, had appeared to bring the lush colors of the wooded hills and the enchanted countryside right into the town, and how, like the Arno at Florence and the Seine at Paris, it had seemed to be a functional part of the architectural plan. The lovely baroque palaces and churches and theatres and terraces that adorned its banks, the splendid bridges



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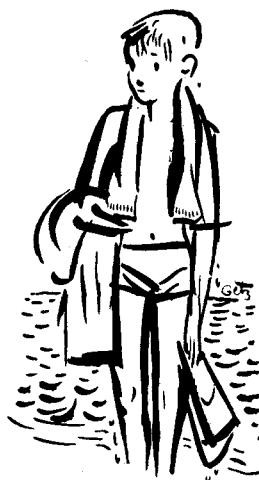
that crossed it—all might have been designed expressly to create spectacular mirror effects in the water, especially at night. I remembered particularly the art galleries of the Zwinger, which ranked with the Louvre, the Prado, the Uffizi, and the Vatican Museum, and where I had seen one of the world's most celebrated paintings, Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," as well as masterpieces by Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, Correggio, Vermeer, Tintoretto, and Murillo, and many Rembrandts, among them the wonderful "Self-Portrait with Saskia," and Rubenses, among them "Bathsheba." The Zwinger itself, a museum whose ancient, ornate buildings and connecting hallways enclosed an immense courtyard, was one of the glories of Germany. To me, in those days, the people of Dresden had seemed to be among the most easygoing in Europe, thronging the city's galleries and opera houses, or strolling in the spacious parks along the river, or sipping beer and coffee in the delightful cafés at every turn.

I knew that Dresden had suffered terribly from bombs in the latter days of the war, and I had seen a lot of bombed cities, but I was hardly prepared for what confronted me as my taxi passed through the center of the city on the way to my hotel—the Bahnhofshotel, in the suburb of Radebeul. We drove through what appeared to be an endless rubblestrewn, weed-grown pasture, with here and there a broken girder jutting surrealistically from the earth. The surrealistic character of the landscape was emphasized by wide, clean-swept streets crisscrossing this wasteland and leading off apparently to nowhere.

Occasionally an old yellow streetcar rumbled along one of them, or a ramshackle truck with its license number painted, Russian-style, on the tailgate. I glimpsed a few private cars, too, but there were almost no people in sight. My first impression of today's Dresden was of a ghostly emptiness.

The next morning, having looked in on the Konts and found them too deeply immersed in musical matters to give a thought to sightseeing, I took a long drive around the city, and the impression of emptiness grew stronger. Even in the outlying districts, which had suffered almost no bomb damage, the over-all scene was one of unpainted

houses, broken windowpanes, neglected courtyards, and deserted streets. In the suburbs of Weisser Hirsch (White Stag) and Radebeul—which had been fashionable before the war and apparently still were—an occasional pretty garden or park alleviated the general drabness, and there are pleasant vistas here and there in Südvorstadt, a suburb just south of the old city, which was wiped out by the air raids and has been rebuilt, but I rarely came across a well-kept house in the older sections, and seldom saw more than four or five people at a time. Before the war, Dresden had a population of six hundred and forty-two thousand, and even today it is nearly half a million, but you would never believe it from the appearance of the streets, many of which look as if their inhabitants had suddenly become fed up with their surroundings and run away. In contrast to Czechoslovakia, no Soviet stars, colored posters, or red streamers exhort the proletariat to work harder for the glory of Communism (such methods were tried for a decade or so, but they proved so unpopular with the East Germans that three years ago they were abandoned), and even pictures of the East German leaders are rare. Not once was I confronted by the hard eyes and trim



goatee of Walter Ulbricht, the most powerful and most hated man in the D.D.R. In certain sections, housing projects were going up, each consisting of ten or twelve four-story apartment houses, a school, a couple of playgrounds, some gardens, a shopping center, and a restaurant. I could see huge cranes lifting prefabricated concrete sections into place, but there wasn't a sidewalk superintendent in sight. It was eerie. I

asked the driver where all the Dresdners were, and he snapped, "In the factories, working. If you want to eat here, you work!"

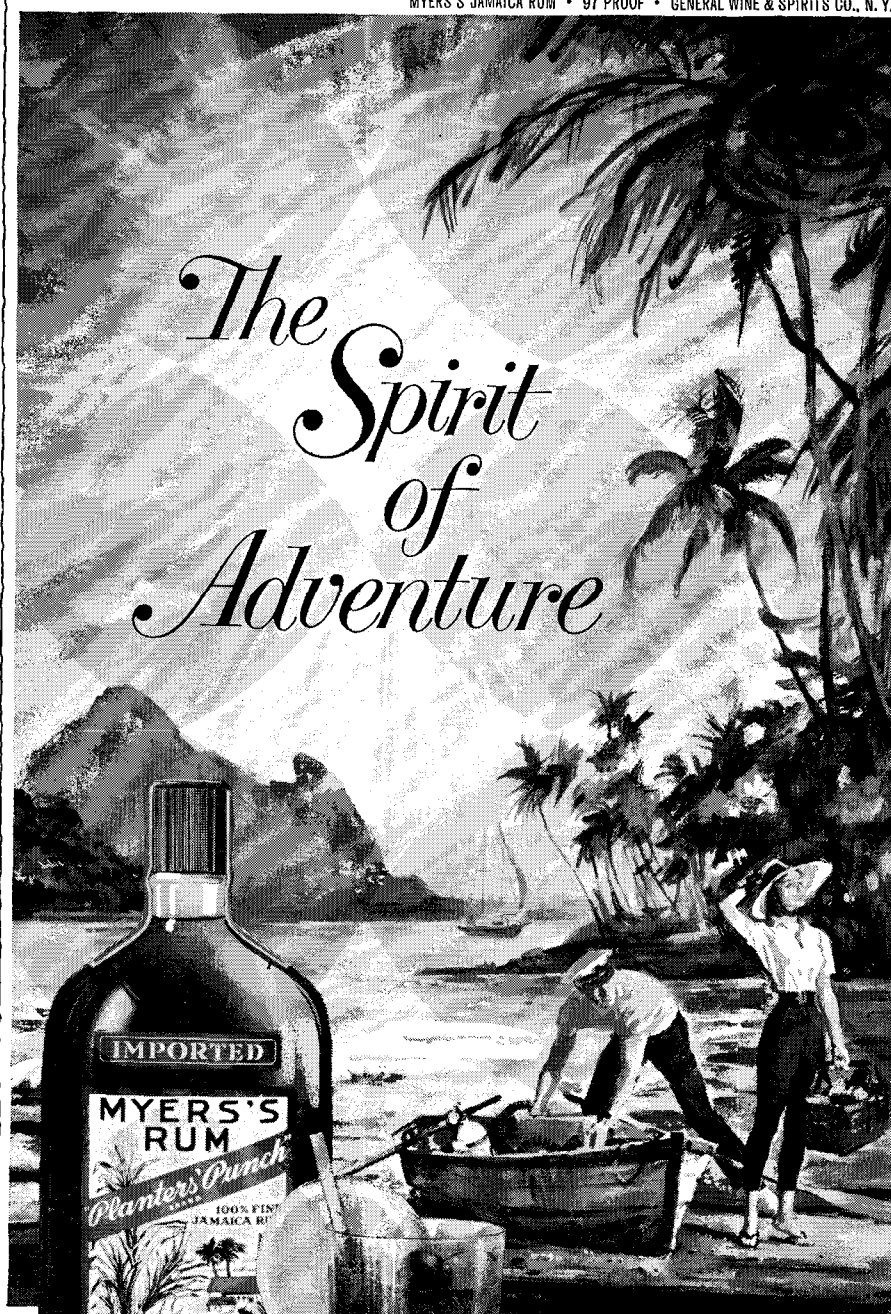
It is true that Dresden was never a crowded city, because it was laid out on an extravagant scale, sprawling over an irregular rectangle twenty miles long and fifteen miles wide. The 1945 bombs utterly destroyed ten square miles in the middle of the rectangle, and today, curiously, the closer you get to the center of Dresden, the sparser the traffic becomes, until presently you reach what amounts to a vacuum. At noon in a central square of the old city, the Postplatz, where half a dozen streetcar lines con-

verge, and where a taxi stand (never more than two taxis), a telephone booth, and a kiosk bearing the sign "AGITATIONSZENTRUM" try in vain to convey a city atmosphere, I counted two dozen people—this at what was once a rush hour.

IN prewar days, Dresden was often called the Florence of Germany, and until the last year of the conflict it seemed that, like the real Florence, it would escape the saturation bombings that had wrecked so many of its neighbors. As a result, refugees poured into Dresden, particularly after the Eastern Front began to collapse, late in 1944. Then the Allies began concentrating their air offensive on German communication centers, and at nine minutes past ten on the night of February 13th, two hundred and forty-four Lancaster bombers of the Royal Air Force dropped three hundred tons of phosphorous bombs on Dresden, setting fire to the whole of the historic Altstadt, or old city. The attack lasted fourteen minutes, and was followed three hours later by the appearance of five hundred and twenty-nine R.A.F. heavy bombers, which dropped more than twenty-three hundred tons of high-explosive bombs. This attack lasted thirty-two minutes. On the following day, between 12:15 and 12:25 P.M., three hundred and eleven Flying Fortresses of the United States Eighth Air Force dropped seven hundred and seventy-one tons of bombs on Dresden. The attack was repeated on February 15th, when two hundred and ten Fortresses came over the burning city between 11:30 A.M. and 12:12 P.M. and dropped four hundred and sixty-one tons of bombs. There have been various estimates of the dead, but it is now generally agreed that thirty-five thousand people perished in the raids.

The eminent German playwright Gerhart Hauptmann, who was then eighty-three years old, watched the raids from Weidner's Sanatorium, on Loschwitzhöhe, overlooking the city, and later wrote, "He who no longer knows how to cry learns to cry again at the end of Dresden." Gone was the beautiful Frauenkirche, whose vaulted dome had been a famous landmark for two centuries. In 1813, Napoleon had stored munitions there with no ill consequences for the building; in 1945, Hermann Göring was using it as a warehouse for millions of feet of Luftwaffe reconnaissance film, and this time its luck ran out as the film burned with explosive fury. Also destroyed were the elegant old Catholic Hofkirche, with

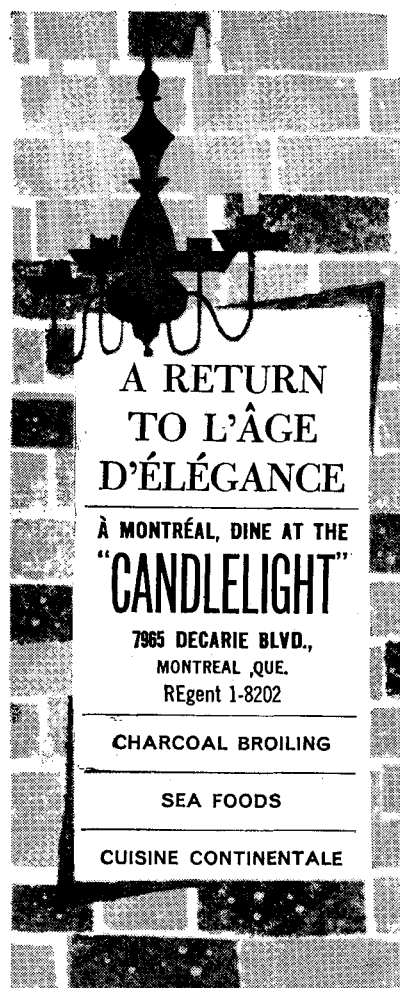
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its slim, two-hundred-and-seventy-two-foot spire and its girdle of fifty-nine sandstone saints, which, seen from across the Elbe, looked like filigree, and the royal palace, save for a few charred walls. And—dearest of all to the people of Dresden—the magnificent Zwinger, with its endless galleries, its countless statuettes and cupolas, and its charming pavilions. It was built in 1722 by Matthäus Daniel Pöppelmann, and was considered the finest work of baroque architecture in all Germany. Across the square from it stood the Staatsoper, built a hundred and fifty-six years later by Manfred Semper, who was called to Dresden to create a building that would blend with the rich rococo of the Zwinger, the royal palace, and the Hofkirche, making one harmonious whole. Semper's opera house was destroyed, along with the famous buildings around it, and so were several other notable examples of his work. In fact, the only one of Semper's local masterpieces that wasn't destroyed in the Dresden bombings was a synagogue; the Nazis had already burned that.

Today, some Dresdeners, with their strange German passion for Wagnerian tragedy, find a grim satisfaction in claiming that Dresden suffered more from bombs than any other city in Germany. Anybody who saw Berlin at the end of the war would find it hard to imagine a more heavily damaged city, but when it was all over and statistics could be computed with mathematical nicety, it was found that there were sixteen cubic metres of rubble for every inhabitant of Berlin, while each Dresdener could boast forty-three cubic metres. In fact, Dresden was almost as badly smashed as Warsaw was when the Germans got through with it. Of Dresden's 35,470 residential buildings, only 7,421 remained standing, and of its 220,000 dwelling units, only 45,000 were still habitable. After the third day of bombings, the city was in a coma. By May 8, 1945, the day the Nazis moved out—only a few hours before the first Red Army units arrived—Dresden was dead. At the last minute, in a sort of paroxysm of frustration, the S.S. guards blew up every bridge across the Elbe except the one called Blue Wonder (a blue-painted steel bridge), and that one was left only because the people assigned to destroy it disobeyed their orders. Before the S.S. pulled out, they also systematically sabotaged the gas pipes, water mains, and power lines, and opened the few remaining food stores to looters. When the Red Army moved into Dresden, it found a ghost city, most of whose surviving inhabit-



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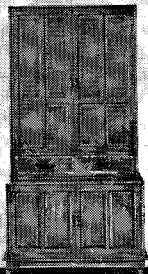
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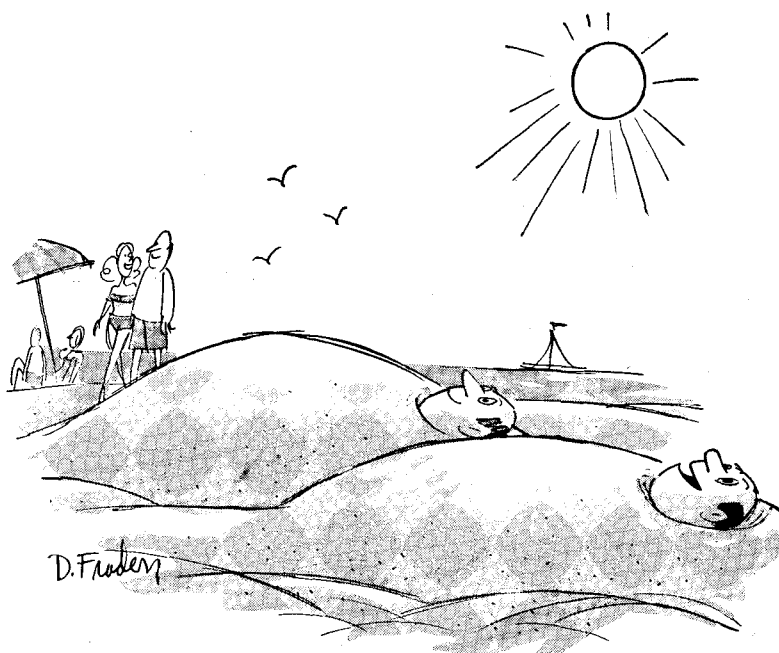


ants crouched in their cellars, numb with horror.

It wasn't until August that life began to stir among the ashes. While the Russians, who have made it their business to encourage *kultura* in their subject lands, helpfully removed land mines and unexploded bombs from the wreckage of this City of Culture, the Dresdeners went about reconstructing their most precious landmark, the Zwinger, which was a symbol that the whole city could rally around. The difficulties were enormous. Everyone was hungry, and there were few building materials and practically no tools, but geologists poked about among the broken walls of the Zwinger to determine exactly what sort of stone had originally been used, and matched it with stone brought from new quarries nearby, while from all over Germany, which was still undivided at that time, came expert stone masons, builders, and sculptors. Piece by piece, the portals and pavilions, the statuettes and rococo ornaments were re-created. It took one man twenty weeks to make a single figure, and there were hundreds of figures to be made, but as the months and years went by, the Zwinger was resurrected. The remains of the old copper roof were salvaged, piece by piece, and each ornamental leaf that could be used was lovingly repaired and restored to its place. By June of 1956, the first galleries were reopened, with the bulk of the Zwinger's treasures, nearly all of which had fallen into Russian hands, miraculously back on the walls. A general holiday was declared, and it was a day of rejoicing for Dresden.

THE war experiences of Dresden's art collection were perhaps as hair-raising as those of any surviving Dresdener. When Allied bombs first began to fall inside Germany, the Zwinger's paintings, together with the city's other art treasures, including its sculpture collection, and its porcelain and tin collections, were removed from the city to forty-five depots scattered throughout Saxony—in Bautzen, Kamenz, Meissen, Pirna, Dippoldiswalde, Zittau, Döbeln, and so on. Most of the pieces were kept in castles and country mansions, but the most valuable were taken to so-called "super-depots"—at the Fortress Königstein, on the Elbe; at Castle Weesenstein, near Pirna; and at the Albrechtsburg Castle, on a hill above Meissen. When the Russians approached the Elbe, in late 1944, the Dresden masterpieces, by order of the Nazi High Command, were moved again—to presumably safer hideouts west of the

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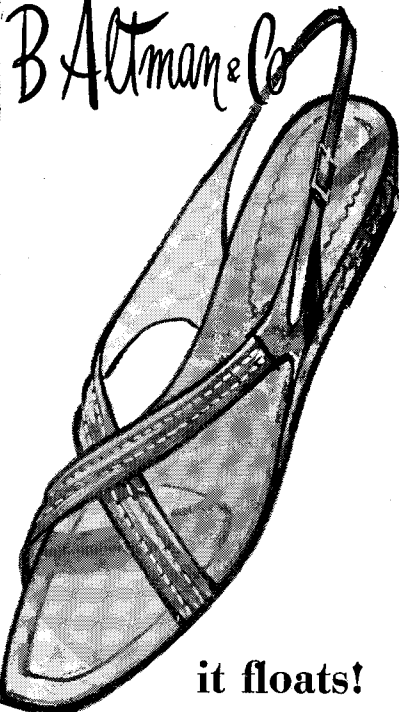
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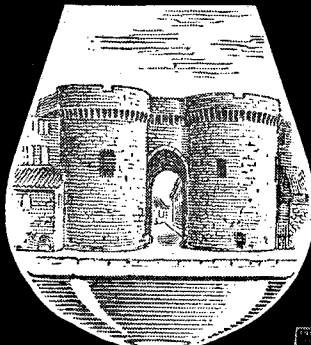


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Elbe. This moving operation started early in 1945, at a time of widespread confusion, and the new depots, having been hastily selected, were in no shape for the arrival of the paintings. A number of fine works were lost in transit. One tragic loss occurred when a restorer named Jacobi, driving from Castle Milkell, near Bautzen, to Castle Schieritz, near Meissen, in a trailer truck packed with a hundred and fifty-eight paintings, among them several Courbets and Böcklins, was overcome by exhaustion while passing through Dresden, and parked his truck on the Elbe terrace and went off to find a bed. The first bombs fell on Dresden that night, and the whole cargo went up in flames. On April 27th, the paintings at the Albrechtsburg, including the "Sistine Madonna" and several other priceless canvases, were moved to the Grosscotta tunnel of the Rotterwerndorf Sandstone Works, near Pirna. There they were stored in a dilapidated wooden shack, in a cold, damp cavern. The Raphael masterpiece had been carelessly crated; several Giorgiones, Titians, and Tintoretos were simply piled up one on top of another, like junk in an attic.

A makeshift air-conditioning system was installed to protect the paintings from the ruinous humidity, but just as it went into operation the retreating S.S. destroyed the Pirna power plant. In the absence of air-conditioning, moisture began to trickle down on the paintings. Another group of great paintings wound up in a crude, leaky shed, patched together from old crates, at the bottom of a hundred-and-fifty-foot-deep limestone pit in the Erzgebirge, between Saxony and Czechoslovakia. Not only were the paintings soaked with every passing rain but the shed that housed them was right alongside a large munitions dump.

In 1955, at a press conference in Moscow, Major Nathalie Sokolovna, a Russian art expert and restorer, described the moment when she arrived at the bottom of the limestone pit and suddenly found herself looking at a superb Botticelli. "My fingers touched the wet canvas, which wasn't even covered with so much as a piece of paper," she said. "And a few yards away there was all that ammunition. A single match thrown away carelessly might have blown up the magnificent collection of masterpieces down there." The Soviet art historian W. Tolstoi wrote later that the works of art in the pit were thickly covered with mildew and dirt. "On many paintings, the dampness had de-

stroyed the adhesive film between the canvas, with its ground color, and the upper layers of paint," he continued. "Some paintings had bad cracks and were terribly damaged by water. Sometimes the top layer of varnish had become a gray, opaque film. The most badly damaged pictures were those painted on wood or a thick layer of ground color, where the dampness had created bubbles. On Rubens' 'Bathsheba,' these bubbles had a radius of five centimetres [two inches]. Titian's 'Madonna and Four Saints' and several paintings by Correggio, Veronese, and Murillo were so badly damaged that they seemed beyond hope of restoration." A Soviet restorer named Tchurakov reported, "The frames of the paintings could not be touched, because the gold dust would stick to your fingers. On Rembrandt's 'Self-Portrait with Saskia' the color came off in flakes.

We had to apply a sort of first-aid to the paintings right down there in the pit before we could take them out."

The Red Army immediately sent the Dresden paintings to Moscow—an action that was later described by the West German magazine *Die Kultur* as "a monstrous abduction" and by the East German *Märkische Zeitung* as "an act of rescue." Over the next several years, at the Pushkin Museum, which the same Comrade Tolstoi calls "a real hospital and sometimes a rest home for suffering paintings," the canvases were restored. "Although the restorers went to work only when it was necessary, more than a third of the paintings had to be given the full restoration treatment," Tolstoi has said. "Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna,' Titian's 'The Tribute Money,' Giorgione's 'Sleeping Venus,' and a great many other great paintings would have ceased to exist if they had remained in their prisons a few weeks longer."

When the restoration was completed, the Dresden paintings were put on exhibition at the Pushkin, and were seen by more than a million people. The show was a sensational success, and a good many Dresdeners were sure they would never get their paintings back, but on March 31, 1955, they, and millions of other people, were pleasantly surprised, for that day's *Pravda* carried the announcement, "In order to strengthen the friendly relations between the Soviet people and the German people, and in consideration of the policy of peace and friendship pursued by the government of the German Democratic Republic, the Council of



Ministers of the U.S.S.R. has decided to return to the government of the D.D.R. all paintings of the Dresden collection that were stored in the Soviet Union. This is the result of direct negotiations between the two governments."

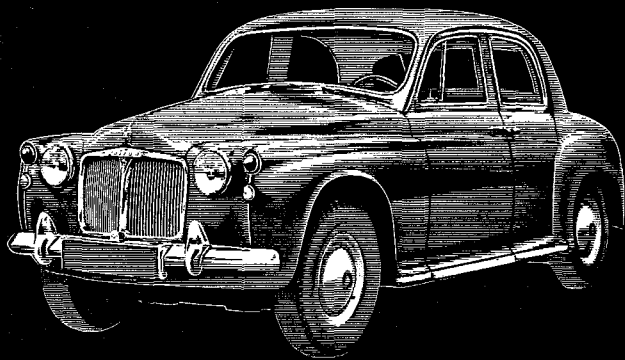
On the second floor of the Zwinger, which I visited that first morning, the story of the Dresden paintings and their "twofold rescue" by the Russians—first by the soldiers and then by the restorers—is perpetuated in a striking series of photographs. On one board, showing Dresden before and after the bombing, the caption reads, "A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT AGAINST THOSE GUILTY OF MASS MURDER." On other boards are photographs of the British and American bombers in action, of the mass destruction they caused, of the appearance of the Russian "liberators," of the final return of the paintings to Dresden, and of the grand reopening of the gallery. Facing these documentary displays are several lovely paintings by Bernardo Belotto, a Venetian eighteenth-century painter known as Canaletto, who fell in love with Dresden at first sight, as he later fell in love with Warsaw. In Dresden, he made scrupulously exact paintings of the Altstadt, the "old city" that was destroyed by the Allied bombs, and in Warsaw he did the same for the Stare Miasto, the "old city" that was systematically blown up, house by house, by the Germans. Canaletto's Warsaw paintings have been used by the architects who supervised the reconstruction of the Stare Miasto, house by house, and his Dresden paintings are now being used as a guide to the reconstruction of some of the more historic buildings of the Altstadt.

The restoration of the Zwinger was at last completed two years ago. Meanwhile, the outside of the Hofkirche was restored, and work was started on the royal palace and the opera house, now called the Staatstheater. The Frauenkirche will not be rebuilt; instead, its jagged remains will be left, like those of the Kaiser Wilhelm Cathedral in Berlin, as a horrid memorial to the folly of war.

ON the afternoon of my third day in Dresden, I stopped in at the City Hall, where, in a tower room affording a sweeping view of the city, I talked to some of the planners and architects who are rebuilding Dresden. The current schedule calls for completion of the work in 1965, but the planners are not rushing to meet a deadline, for they are determined not to repeat the mistakes

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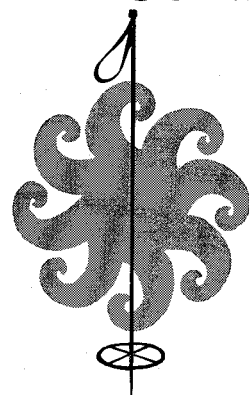
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of their colleagues in East Berlin, who did a slapdash job and produced the deplorable showpiece of Socialist architecture known as Stalin Allee. "After all, we're building not for the next decade but for the next century," one architect told me. "We began by making experiments in the outer districts. The center will be built up only at the very last, when we are absolutely sure we know what we want to do. We still can't say exactly what it will be like, but we are beginning to get an idea. We have to move cautiously, threading our way between two extremes. Naturally, there are traditionalists who want Dresden to look exactly as it used to, and that's nonsense, because living conditions in our Socialist state are quite different from what they were in the feudal society that built the old city. And then there are extremists who want to make Dresden an experiment in ultra-modern city planning. The answer will have to be some sort of compromise. We've come along fairly well with the restoration of our historic buildings, but it would be absurd to restore the whole Altstadt as Canaletto painted it, with its low houses and dark streets. Instead of quaint charm, what we need is space for festive occasions—a place where the workers and peasants can meet for mass demonstrations. We need large buildings and broad avenues. That wide wasteland in the center of town will be turned into a cultural complex, with concert halls, recreation buildings, cinemas, libraries, and a skyscraper hotel—American-style, with several restaurants. By the time we get through with the job, we'll have a Dresden that Canaletto would never recognize."

In 1950, Premier Otto Grotewohl of the D.D.R. visited Dresden and wrote in the city's guest book, "Dresden must again become a city of art," but seven years later the preamble of the Seven-Year Plan, under which all the current reconstruction is coordinated, called Dresden "a city of industry, science, and art—an industrial and cultural center in the thickly settled *Elb-raum*, and an important link with the other people's democracies in Southeast Europe." The emphasis is clearly on new production, not on old paintings. Already, Dresden has more than eight hundred industrial enterprises, which make the onetime City of Culture the third-largest industrial center in the D.D.R., surpassed only by East Berlin and Leipzig. Long famous for its optical instruments and cameras, which are exported all over the world, Dresden now also has steel plants, coal mines, and factories producing heavy and light

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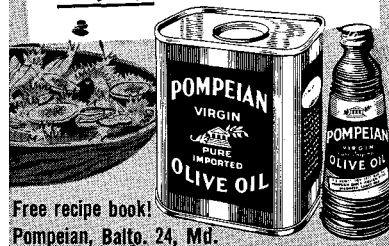
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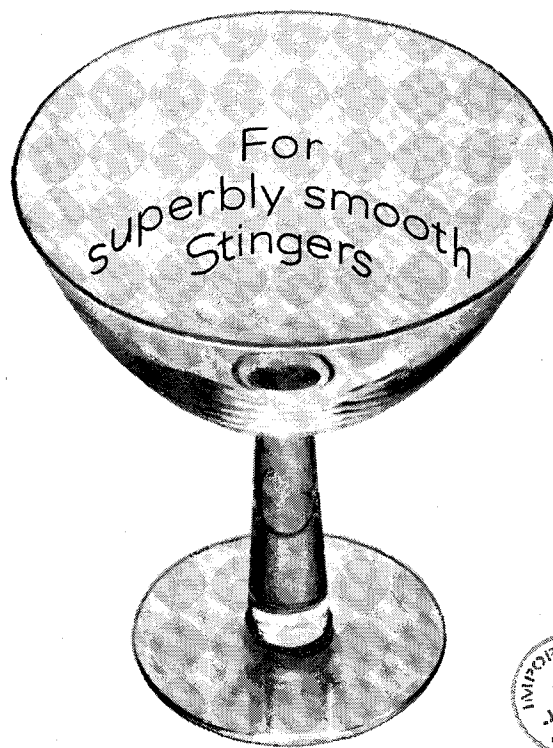
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Since Dresden has always had a pool of highly skilled precision mechanics and optical workers, no one was surprised when, a few years ago, the city was made the D.D.R.'s atomic-research center. East Germany's only atomic reactor is situated in the suburb of Rossendorf, and a modern university town has been created in Südvorstadt to accommodate a new Technical College. One of the branches of this college is the Institute for Atomic Research, where Professor Klaus Fuchs is at present employed. He came to Dresden after serving his prison sentence in England as an atomic spy, and is considered a hero by the local intelligentsia and the Party people, though few residents outside those circles have ever heard of him. I was taken one afternoon by a government guide to visit another branch of the school—the Technical College of Communications (Hochschule für Verkehrswesen). Here the students live in big white boxlike dormitories and pursue their studies in lecture halls and laboratories where everything is bright and brand-new and extremely businesslike. "The students work hard and do not care for fun," I was told, and I could see for myself that there was little here to remind one of, say, the Sorbonne, or of either the English or the Massachusetts Cambridge. There are thirty thousand students in the Technical College, many of them from China, North Korea, North Vietnam, and the new African countries, and I understand that quite a few Dresdeners have made invidious comparisons between their own living quarters and those of the foreign students.

AFTER my visit to the Technical College, I dined and spent the evening with the Konts and their party, and returned to Radebeul around midnight on a three-car trolley. The conductor was an old woman—she must have been close to seventy—and as she stood wearily in the third car, looking cold despite her costume of Russian-cut, heavy blue trousers and a thick sweater, I asked her if she couldn't get a transfer to the day shift. She looked astonished. "I'm glad to be able to work at all," she said. "If I couldn't, I'd be getting an old-age pension of a hundred and twenty marks a month. This way I make five hundred and thirty!"

After a while, it occurred to her to wonder why I had asked the question, and she wanted to know where I came



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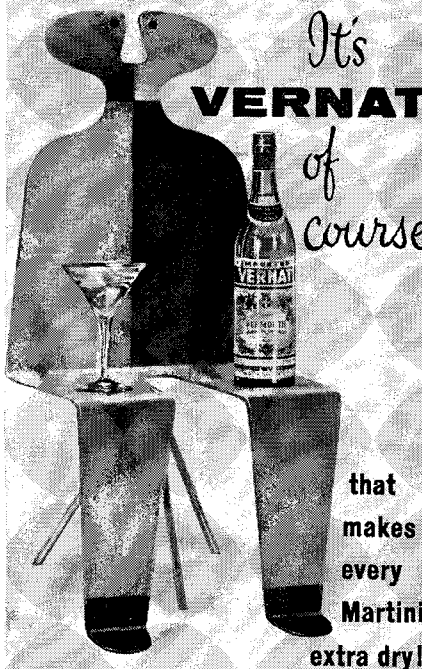
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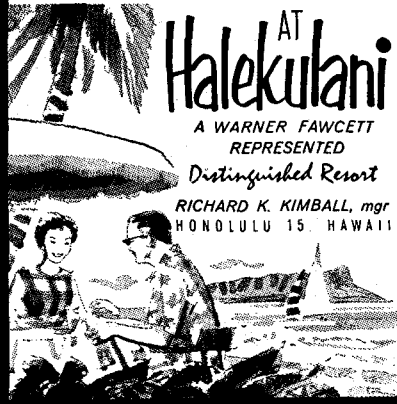
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from. When I told her I was an American, she accepted the news without any show of interest. This was the first Communist country I had ever visited where the Americans were not the villains. In Dresden, Americans are somewhat remote creatures, and inspire no great curiosity. The villains here are the West Germans. People talk about the West Germans with bitterness, with deep regret, or with outright hatred; seen from this side, the abyss between the two Germanys looks increasingly wide and deep. Many East Germans blame "those people in the West" for "giving us up" or "writing us off."

On the whole, I found the people of Dresden forthright, friendly, and reliable—very much like the people of Berlin. No one in Dresden lowered his voice or looked over his shoulder while talking to me. There was no mood of terror, no fear of the ominous knock at the door at 4 A.M. In the D.D.R., apparently, that phase of the revolution is over. "The revolution has become respectable," one man said, adding, "Which is much more serious." East Germany was the first of the Russian-occupied countries to revolt, and the first to be broken. The workers and students of the "Russian Zone"—a term that no one uses here—built their barricades on June 17, 1953, three years before the workers and students of Budapest built theirs. Many Dresdeners, I found, had fallen into a mood of bitter resignation, but quite a few of the people I talked with complained freely, and openly, about their plight. "We can't say what we think," the man who had commented on the respectability of the revolution told me. "We cannot travel in the West. Maybe most people here don't care to travel, but it's bad to know that you can't

if you want to. We just live from one day to the next. Still, the Germans have always known how to take orders—under the Kaiser, under Hitler, and now under Ulbricht. It's the old *Kadavergehorsam*—the obedience of dead bodies. At present, we are living under a dictatorship of norms."

The norms, which are published every five years by the Staatliche Plankommission, affect everybody. They state the number of sugar lumps to be served with one's breakfast coffee (one lump with a cup, two with a small pot), the number of buttons to be turned out by a machine, the number of symphonies to be played by an orchestra. Even the small minority of

people who speak enthusiastically of the Communist system and live quite well by it—factory managers, Party commissars, scientists, professors, artists, and the rest of the élite—cannot escape the norms. These people have large, modern apartments, with bathrooms, central heating, and—inevitably, thanks to the Russian influence on taste—Persian rugs on the floor and a rubber tree in the living room. For such an apartment they pay two hundred and seventy marks, or less than fifteen dollars a month. They can get passports permitting them to spend their vacations in Western Europe, and some of them can afford automobiles. The great majority of the population is subjected to the norms without any compensating luxuries. The average salary of a workman is around five hundred marks, or twenty-eight dollars, a month, but a skilled worker may make as much as eight hundred marks, and so may a young engineer or an opera singer. A straight ten per cent of every employee's income goes for taxes, and the employer (even the state) pays an equal amount in his behalf. Everybody is entitled to free medical and dental care (except for gold inlays and bridges), and anyone obliged to leave his work because of illness gets his job back when he recovers, no matter how long he has been away. Those who are lucky enough to get on the proper list can have a two-

week vacation in the mountains or at the seashore for thirty-five marks.

There are local food shortages, caused mostly by faulty distribution, but there is no starvation in the D.D.R. People often line up for fruit and vegetables, or for butter and better-quality meat, but even the sternest critics of the system admit that no one who is willing to work needs to go hungry.

"You can find a job in five minutes," a woman told me. "They are so short of manpower here that they will do anything to get you to work. I didn't want to leave my children alone all day, so they found me a morning job right on the street where I live." Shortly after this conversation, I stopped in at a post office, and there was a notice that read, "Attention housewives! We offer you well-paid work for three to four hours a day. Inquire here!" Dresden enjoys no special food privileges, like Leipzig during the Fair, or like East Berlin much of the time, but I saw plenty of bread, flour, potatoes, beans, sausage, and fat in the stores. The staple foods are very



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cheap. Factory cafeterias serve a meal for less than one mark. While I was in the city, some fresh fish and a supply of meat came in from China, but there were few green vegetables and almost no fruit. A woman I talked to in one of the stores told me that the vegetable shortage was just a matter of distribution. If I wanted carrots, she said, all I had to do was take a short streetcar ride to a suburb and I would find plenty. She explained that Dresden housewives scan their newspapers for reports of new D.D.R. trade agreements with other Eastern states. "An agreement with Yugoslavia usually means plenty of fresh fish a few weeks later," she said, "and when you read of a new deal with North Vietnam, you know you'll be confronted with those dried bananas again." I gathered that the housewives have a well-organized intelligence system, calling each other when butter or cheese or bacon suddenly appears somewhere in the city.

If food presents no major problems, consumer goods are another story. It takes imagination, diligence, and organizing ability to get what one is looking for. The purchase of a new pair of shoes or a new spring coat is a complicated and expensive ordeal. Textiles and shoes are of poor quality. The goods I saw in the big state-operated HO department store in the Altstadt differed little from those I'd seen in the large HO department store in East Berlin's Alexanderplatz. Luxury goods, such as Chinese silks, which few people could afford, were in ample supply, but the reasonably priced fabrics offered for sale were so flimsy that people were reluctant to buy them. The cosmetics counter made a very poor showing, and nearly every woman I talked to said that in matters of fashion "we are always six months behind West Germany." I heard complaints that the local stocking factories had only recently got around to making seamless nylons, but I gathered that they were now being turned out rapidly, because I saw a great many women wearing them. In general, the only people I saw in Dresden who were fashionably dressed were the young girls, who looked exactly like the young girls everywhere else in Germany, with their B.B. hairdos, their knee-length "Conny" skirts (called after the West German movie star Conny Froeboss), and their very high heels.

Dresden has always had the reputation of being one of the most bourgeois cities in Germany. The culture revered in the City of Culture was never avant-garde. Among the *Linientreu*, or Party regulars, in the D.D.R., Dresden is

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known as "that reactionary corner in the Southeast." One sees few people wearing Party emblems in their lapels. "Being in the Party is just a job," a non-Party man told me. "A good job, maybe." The new Dresden still has many petty-bourgeois aspects, much to the chagrin of the planners and the Party people. On Sundays and holidays, toward noon, the streets become suddenly populous; the young people promenade in their Sunday best, and in the afternoon they wait in line to see movies—from the Eastern countries, mostly, though occasionally a picture from Italy, France, or England, or maybe even America, will be shown. ("We can't afford to pay dollars for the average Hollywood product," a cinema manager told me. "It's got to be something special.") The older men and women spend the afternoon over coffee and *Kuchen* in one or another of the numerous *gutbürgerlich* coffeehouses, which are, of course, operated by the state. The *Kaffeeklatsch* hour is as sacred here as it is in the small towns of West Germany. In fact, if you were suddenly set down in a typical Dresden coffeehouse, you would swear you were in a provincial West German town. The waiter in such a coffeehouse wears a tuxedo that is getting shiny at the elbows, and a small *Salonorchester* (violin, piano, and cello) plays an Offenbach overture and a potpourri from "Madame Butterfly." The people are decently dressed, and the children get second helpings of coffee with whipped cream. There is a smell of floor wax, and invariably there are large signs, "*Frisch Geböhnt*" ("Freshly Polished"), warning the customer to walk carefully over the slippery floor. So far, the *Kaffeeklatsch* and the "Freshly Polished" signs are the same on both sides of the growing abyss.

ON Saturday afternoon, a local businessman invited me to be his guest at the Dresdener Club—an institution new to me. The club was organized a few years ago by the East German government, which gave it a lovely villa, expropriated from a toothpaste millionaire, in Weisser Hirsch, a wooded suburb high on a hill overlooking Dresden. The section was famous in prewar Europe for its stylish sanatoriums, and it came through the war practically undamaged. Many members of Dresden's new élite live up there, and my acquaintance told me with considerable self-satisfaction that the club itself was "the most exclusive circle in all East Germany," with a membership limited to three hundred and made up of leaders in politics, science, industry, the arts,



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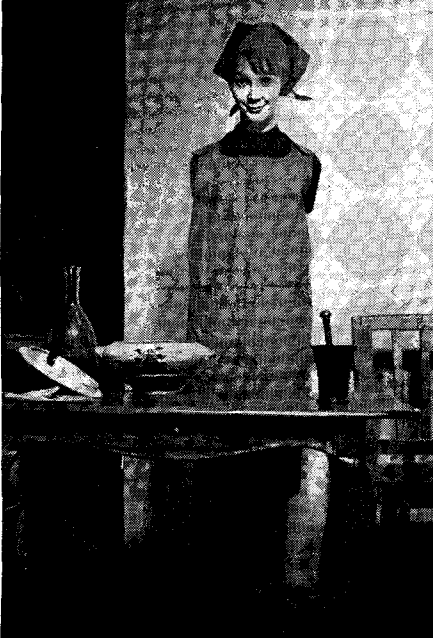
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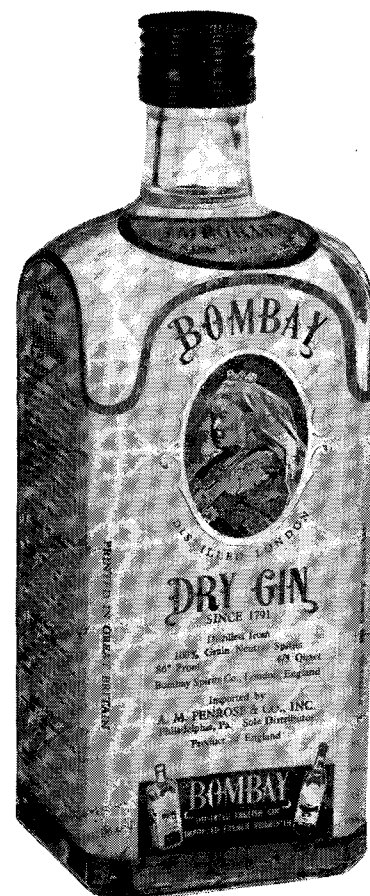
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literature, music, and the theatre. New candidates are put up by two members, and are voted on by the entire membership. The Upper Three Hundred, as the members are referred to locally, are the real insiders, my acquaintance told me, looking just as pleased as any American executive who has established his status by making the local country club. In fact, it seemed to me that there was very little to distinguish the Dresdener Club from similar outfits in the capitalistic world. The toothpaste magnate had lived well. My host showed me through the mansion, and I saw sumptuous dining rooms and salons, a fine library, an auditorium in which movies can be shown to fifty people, and a series of large terraces with sweeping views of Dresden and the blue arc of the Elbe. A night club with a small dance floor had been installed by the government, and good taste was in evidence everywhere—deep carpets, heavy curtains, and elegant furniture, set off by nice paintings and fresh flowers. A radio was playing softly, and well-trained old stewards in black jackets moved decorously about. It was all very pleasant, and all very remote from the world of the *Werktätige* at the foot of the hill.

In this relaxed atmosphere, over a drink, my acquaintance began to talk about something that was bothering him. He was a devout Protestant and active in his church community, and at the same time he was trying to find what he called a positive approach to the Socialist state—an almost insoluble problem, he said with a deep sigh. He believed in the state's economic system but was terribly perturbed by the state's attitude toward religion. "There must be millions of people in this country who suffer from this spiritual problem," he said. "It is so much easier to make peace with your state than with your conscience. I made peace with my state a few years ago, when a friend who had been in prison for two years was released and got his old job back. He had atoned, and he was free. He is not on parole. He doesn't have to watch himself any more than anyone else. No matter what you think about our system, it doesn't bear a grudge. I myself have had some unpleasant encounters with the S.S.D. [the State Security Service], and I'm still here. Furthermore, I've decided to stay here. If all the people like me were to run away, what hope would there be for the survival of religion and ethics in this country? And there are good things here." He looked at me pleadingly. "The newspaper I take—not the official *Sächsische Zeitung* but the Christian-Democratic *Union*, which has a cir-



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culuation of thirty-six thousand—devotes twenty-five per cent of its pages to cultural matters. How many newspapers in the West can afford to do that?"

I said that the newspapers in the West could afford to print news, and that I myself could see no difference between one East German paper and another, since after reading any or all of them for a couple of days I felt out of touch with the outside world.

My companion didn't answer, and presently changed the subject. "A university classmate of mine is a shoe manufacturer in West Germany," he said. "I saw him there three years ago. He said he had wanted to send shoes to the D.D.R. but had been warned that he would be helping our system, so the deal fell through. Now we buy our shoes from Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Sweden, and the West Germans have lost a market. The point is that everyone has to make compromises."

To keep the conversation going, I asked him if he thought that held true in the arts.

"Well," he said, "there are over four hundred painters living and working in Dresden. Painters have always liked the soft, diffused light of this city, with its many nuances, just as they've liked the light of Venice and Florence and Paris. We're always having exhibitions—at the Albertinum, in the Guntzstrasse, in Castle Pillnitz. Our leading artists—there's Wilhelm Rudolph, for instance, and Josef Hegenbarth, and Rudolf Bergander, and Erich Fraas—are very popular among our people. Their paintings are talked about—and, more important, their paintings sell. The government, the State Art Commission, and the industrial and agricultural enterprises buy them and hang them in their *Kultur* rooms. Naturally, the artists must stick to the themes of our society. Our best painters catch the face of the workingman realistically. The state neither buys nor exhibits abstract art."

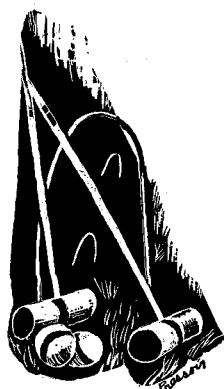
It was my turn not to answer—it seemed no use—and my host went on to say that he was deeply disturbed by the widening schism between the two Germanys. He and his friends in West Germany had gone to the same school, had fought the same wars, and were bothered by the same feelings of guilt. Now he felt that his friends were moving away from him and he from them, inexorably. I asked if he thought there was no hope of reunification. "Oh, no

one here talks about that," he said. "For us, problems like that simply don't exist. We simply have to get along as best we can."

Next year, he went on, his daughter would finish at the *Gymnasium* and would go on to study medicine. She might go to the University of Leipzig and she might go to the University of Sofia, in Bulgaria, where special courses were now offered in German. After passing an entrance exam, she would get a monthly stipend of two hundred and twenty marks from the East German government. "East Germany needs doctors," he said. "The shortage of doctors—and dentists, too—is very serious, because so many have gone away to the West. Our old family doctor starts working at seven in the morning and is still at it at ten at night. I wonder how long he can stand the pace. He is depressed because he can't give his patients all the time they need. My wife's father had to have an operation on both eyes not long ago. A well-known eye specialist operated on one eye and scheduled the next operation for a few weeks later. Then he left for the West, too. He must have known he had to do this operation, and yet . . ." His voice trailed off.

At a bookshop near my hotel, I bought a copy of the East German edition of the Duden, the German equivalent of Fowler's "Modern English Usage," and discovered that the division of Germany now extends to the strongest single unifying element—the language. West Germany and East Germany publish their own Duden—in Mannheim and Leipzig, respectively—and a comparison of the two shows the depth of the abyss between the two countries. There are not yet

two different languages, but there are the unmistakable beginnings of *Westdeutsch* and *Ostdeutsch*. Certain words, like "*Bundestagsabgeordneter*" ("member of the Bundestag") and "*Heimatvertriebener*" ("exile"), appear only in the West German edition, and others, like "*Republikflucht*" ("defection"), "*Planwirtschaft*" ("planned economy"), "*Eiersoll*" ("egg allotment," or a poultryman's norm), "*Sollschwein*" ("a norm chiseller"), and "*Friedenskämpfer*" ("peace fighter"), appear only in the East Duden. Some English words—"hobby," "teenager," "trend," and "team," for instance—are listed in both editions, but the East Duden also contains quite a



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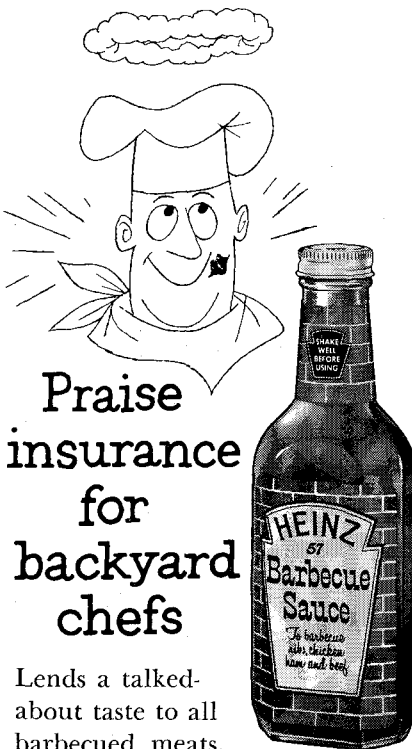
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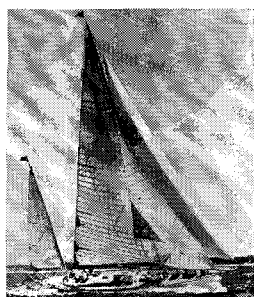
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few Soviet words that are unknown in the West: "Kombinat," "Kapitulant," "Stalinez," and "Aktivist." A "meeting," we learn in the East Duden, is a "political gathering." Many words appear in both Duden but with different meanings. "Blasphemy" means "speaking against God" in the West Duden and "defamations of persons who are generally admired" in the East Duden. "Imperialismus" is "expansionist tendencies of the big powers" in the West edition, and "last stage of capitalism in monopolies" in the East edition. According to the West Duden, "Herr" and "Frau" are generally used in addressing people. In the East, however, they are used "on letterheads for foreigners, and ironically for people who are not in the Party." Linguistically, the split in Germany is widening fast.

ON Sunday, the day of the première of "Lysistrata," I found Kont in a gloomy mood. Not only had something gone wrong at the dress rehearsal but one of his favorite scenes had been cut from the last act. Trying to think of something to distract his mind from all this, I remembered that, like me, he was an ardent fan of the great Karl May, a poor boy from the Erzgebirge who never ventured outside Germany but whose vivid, first-hand accounts of adventures in the Wild West earned him a million dollars and a hero's stature in the hearts of German boys. May, who called himself Old Shatterhand, Old Surehand, or Old Firehand, wrote countless volumes of these Kit Carson-style novels in a villa in Radebeul, where he died in 1912, and now the place had become a sort of shrine for Greenhorns, as May aficionados called themselves. Accordingly, I suggested that we pay it a visit, and Kont brightened up at once.

Our destination proved to be a three-story house with a signboard just below the eaves reading, in large gold letters, "VILLA SHATTERHAND." The gate was open, and another sign said, "The Greenhorns Are Informed That the Museum Is Behind the Villa." We walked through an old garden, past a lily pond, and down a well-kept path lined with dark trees and atrocious statues of nymphs. Up and down this hallowed path the great man had walked in search of inspiration. At last we came to what was prominently labelled an "American Blockhouse in Wild West Style," which Karl May's widow had put up in 1926 as a memorial to her husband. Kont and I were by no means the only visitors. Several fathers

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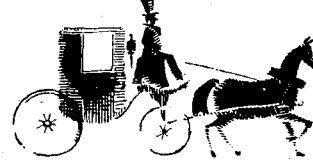


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of small boys were buying postcards of Indians at the door, and a number of soldiers, both East German and Russian, were staring with fascination at the exhibits inside, which included a collection of tomahawks, peace pipes, totem poles, shrunken heads, "scalps with genuine human hair," and large statues on the order of "Apache Warrior on Way to Enemy." One room was dedicated to the memory of General George A. Custer, and contained an "original oil" called "Custers Letzter Kampf," the work of Professor Elk Eber, of Munich. In glass cases were "a war hat and knife of Wakitiku Kin-ya, or Evening-High-Flyer, one of Custer's lieutenants;" the "scalp of an unknown soldier of the Seventh Cavalry;" and the "weapons of Tatanka Yotanka, better known as Sitting Bull." Underneath these last, a slip of paper read, "Ja, ja, if these things could talk." Nearby was a tomahawk that, according to a statement by the donor, a Herr Hesse-Wartegg, was taken by General Sheridan from the Sioux Chief Sitting Bull. In another room, dedicated to Colonel William F. Cody, was an old copy of the German newspaper *Buffalo Bill's Wild West*, which was published in the early years of the century and attained a circulation of 62,000. By the time we started back to the hotel, Kont was in a much happier frame of mind.

The Landesbühne Sachsen, which was to perform "Lysistrata," has about the same relation to the Dresden Staatstheater that the New York City Center Opera has to the Metropolitan. It is East Germany's largest travelling opera troupe, performing regularly before thirty thousand regular subscribers in fifteen other German cities, and it makes its home in a fair-sized theatre (five hundred and forty-six seats) on the Stalinstrasse in Radebeul. Rudi Kostka, the *Intendant*, was for several years assistant to Walter Felsenstein, the director of the East Berlin Komische Oper, and he has adopted Felsenstein's artistic standards of extreme precision and absolute dedication to the work being performed. Although the repertory includes the usual works by Bizet, Puccini, and Verdi, the company concentrates on modern opera, and has given first performances in East Germany of Rolf Liebermann's "Schule der Frauen," Tikhon Khrennikov's "Frol Skobeyev," Bertolt Brecht and Paul Dessau's "Verurteilung des Lucullus," Richard Mohaupt's "Der Grüne Kakadu," and, among foreign works, Earl Robinson's opera "Sandhog," which is set in New York. Any work accepted by the Landesbühne is

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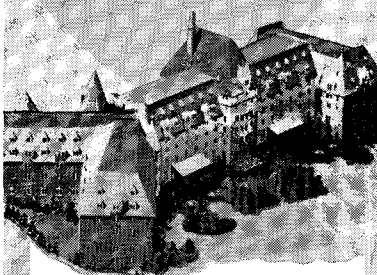
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There was a large crowd in front of the theatre when our party arrived. It must have consisted largely of people who hoped to get a ticket at the last moment, because all the seats had long since been sold. The excitement was as intense as if this were a première in one of the world's great opera houses.

Kont wrote his own libretto for "Lysistrata," based on Ludwig Seeger's excellent German translation of Aristophanes' comedy. The story proved to be as entertaining as when it was first presented, over two thousand years ago, and Kont's score was brilliant and full of humorous effects, with the emphasis on the brass and woodwinds (there were four bassoons and one contra bassoon), and with little lyric expansiveness. Kont, a member of the younger generation of Austrian composers, was a pupil of the Schönberg pupil Josef Polnauer, but he is no devotee of the twelve-tone system, and, indeed, belongs to no particular school. In "Lysistrata," he used a variety of musical forms, ranging from the antique Greek modes to the complex harmonies of Berg, Stravinsky, and Milhaud; the influence of the last is sometimes audible. The scene was often dominated by the chorus, and its precision was remarkable. Precision, in fact, was the keynote of the evening. The orchestra had had thirty rehearsals of the difficult score (one disgusted oboist was heard to complain that "Kont is the second Austrian who has tried to ruin

us"), and the singers had studied their parts for over a year. On the whole, the performance was an interesting one, and when the curtain fell, there were cheers for Klaus Tenschert, the conductor, and his wife, Ingeborg Kollman, who sang the taxing part of Lysistrata. The audience was perhaps the most surprising element of the evening—alert and enthusiastic, laughing at the right moments, and appreciative of the complex musical score. There was a big party after the performance, and in the course of it the *Intendant* and various other officials had warm praise for the ensemble (or, as they called it, "the *colectiv*") of the hard-working opera house.

I LEFT Dresden the following day, after an uncomfortable couple of hours spent in getting an exit visa. One of Kostka's men went with me to the People's Police, but they took their own sweet time over my passport. It developed that they were puzzled over a stamp in it reading, "This passport is not valid for travel in Hungary." All American passports issued shortly after the Hungarian revolution were stamped that way, but the restriction is no longer in force. Anyway, the police kept the passport for quite a while before returning it with the exit visa. After all, as somebody later remarked to me, it wasn't every day that the Dresden authorities got a chance to look at an American passport.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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could make the game be worth the candle,
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your guest of honor turns and growls at you,
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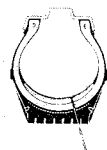
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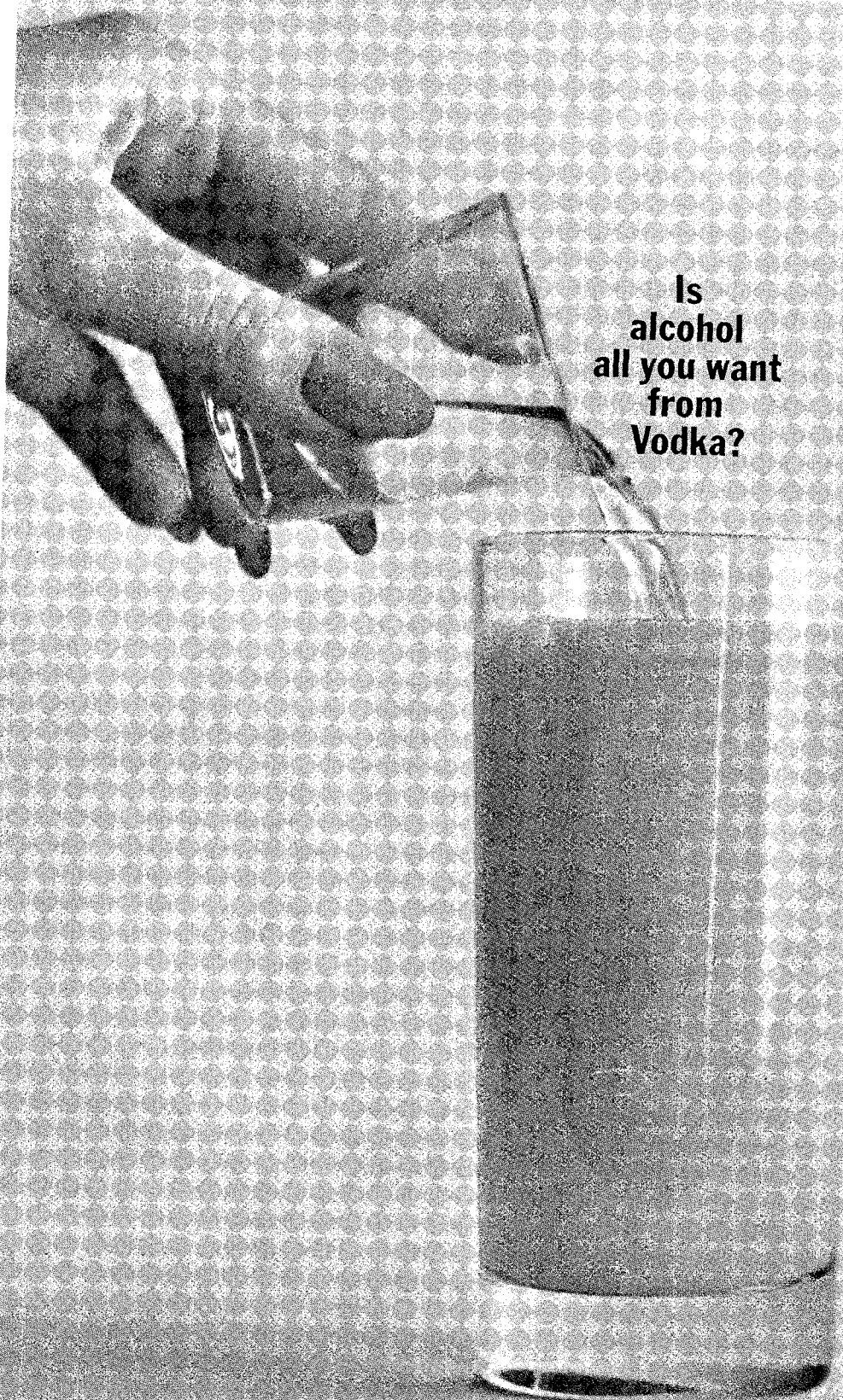
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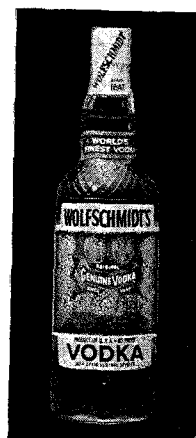


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THE RACE TRACK

Blues

FAVORITE-players seem to have a gift—practically a genius—for bad guessing in the stake races at Belmont Park this season. They fancied Carry Back for the Belmont Stakes and Bowl of Flowers for the Mother Goose (if you must know, so did I), and you remember what happened to those two. The horseplayers did get a break with Kelso a fortnight ago (after he finished second to Our Hope in the Whitney, you'll recall, Our Hope's number was taken down for crowding, and Kelso was moved up into first place), but things returned to normal last week. On Monday, Jim Fitzsimmons saddled two unbeaten two-year-old fillies, Batter Up and Broadway, for the National Stallion Stakes, and while Batter Up finished second, Broadway was down the course. Batter Up, who won the Rancocas Stakes at Garden State Park earlier in the season, and who is sometimes as nimble as her half brother Hitting Away, led until a furlong from home, when Cicada wore her down and went on to win with something to spare. Jazz Queen was third. Broadway, a half sister of Funloving—and the more fancied of Mr. Fitz's pair, since she was a three-time winner—lacked speed and swerved badly, winding up ten lengths behind Cicada, whom she'd beaten in the Polly Drummond Stakes at Delaware Park. On that occasion, Cicada had carried nine pounds more than Broadway. Last week, they carried equal weights. Eight fillies ran for the National Stallion Stakes, and they were a promising lot, but candor compels me to admit that we'll probably see better at Saratoga.

NEEDLESS to say, the stunner of the week was the Bowling Green Handicap, at a mile and a half on the Belmont turf course, in which Dead Center, a colt with little or no form (he was third once in five tries this season), beat Wolfram by a nose and paid the sort of mutuel you might expect—\$114.60. Wolfram, who had won his last five starts, all of them stake races, carried 130 pounds and gave twenty-three pounds to Dead Center, the same amount to Leix, who was third, and from twelve to twenty pounds to the six others. Shield Bearer, under the urging of Ycaza, set a lively pace for more than a mile, with Dead Center follow-

ing fairly closely and Wolfram trailing, as he had in the Edgemere two weeks earlier. It wasn't until Dead Center took the lead that Wolfram began his move, and then the run wasn't as spectacular as the one he made in the Edgemere. Still, it was a good try.

RACING on the grass has come a long way in America since Joseph E. Widener revived it at Hialeah in 1940. Offhand, I'd say that there are more than twenty tracks in the United States and Canada with turf courses. Saratoga will



have one when its meeting opens on July 31st, and there are more to come. Four tracks offer \$100,000 races on the grass—at Aqueduct it's the Man o' War; at Atlantic City, the United Nations Handicap; at Laurel, the Washington, D.C., International; and at Santa Anita, the San Juan Capistrano—and besides these Hialeah has a Turf Cup Handicap with a purse of \$75,000 (this one was run originally as the Miami Beach Handicap, with a purse of \$5,000), and several other tracks have \$50,000 turf events. One of Canada's important autumn fixtures for two-year-olds, the Cup and Saucer Stakes, is run on the grass at Woodbine. All this is not surprising. There's no finer sight on a racecourse than horses galloping against a green background. What's more, they run as true to form as they do on dirt tracks, and they don't come back buttered with mud when it rains.

WALTER BLUM—the boy from Brooklyn, as my favorite radio announcer at Station WBNX calls him—had quite a day in the saddle at Monmouth Park the other afternoon. He rode six winners, four of them in succession. His two other mounts were unplaced. Only three jockeys did as well in a single day last season, and it has been five years since a boy had seven. If you had put two dollars on each of Blum's eight mounts, by the way, you'd have won \$42.80. Frankly, you can't make money betting on jockeys.

—AUDAX MINOR

The festivities, advertised for three weeks, included a grunion fishing contest and dancing. A few youths swam in the chill night air.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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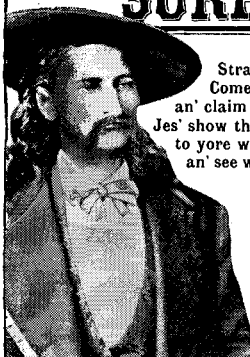
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SO FAR SO GOOD

(A HANDY, ALL-PURPOSE NEWSPAPER EDITORIAL PAGE)

THE LESSON OF MARTIN'S CREEK

IT is entirely characteristic of the far-reaching though firm and steady hand of the Postmaster General, who brought to Washington from the West Coast the worldly though occasionally dolorous experience that can be gained only from a career of hard knocks in the life-insurance business, that he nipped at its very roots the budding scandal at Martin's Creek, in outer Wisconsin, before the insidious virus could contaminate the whole body politic. Now, precisely what was the situation at the small though typical post office at Martin's Creek when the Postmaster General first became aware of it? Mr. Jacob P. Flannigan, the newly appointed postmaster of Martin's Creek, had commenced a slow though meticulous series of executive actions that could lead to but one thing. And what was that one thing? It was that Mr. Flannigan—who is, by the way, a Seventh-Day Adventist by adoption and not a congenital Unitarian, as has been erroneously reported in some of the so-called "liberal" newspapers—would, in the course of a year or so, have succeeded in quietly removing all the low-numbered post-office boxes in that post office from the possession of known Republicans. And what individuals would have gradually though steadily come into possession of those coveted low-numbered post-office boxes? Need we ask?

True, the suggestion has been made in certain circles in the Nation's Capital that in the eight years of the administration of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower those same low-numbered post-office boxes at Martin's Creek—and, indeed, in many another post office, large, small, and medium-sized, throughout this troubled land—had shifted noiselessly from the possession of known Democrats into the possession of the aforementioned known Republicans. But what if they had? Do we want to rake over those old ashes?

Certainly not! First things first. The lesson to be learned from the Martin's Creek scandal is that the Postmaster General flew out to Martin's Creek by jet last weekend, unceremoniously reduced the devious Mr. Flannigan to his permanent rank of second assistant postal clerk, and put in Mr. Flannigan's place a new postmaster, Mr. James B. Holmby, a small drygoods merchant whose political opinions are incompre-

hensible. And the Postmaster General was back in Washington in time to brief President Kennedy before the regular Monday meeting of the Internal Fair Play Board. And by his action the Postmaster General thereby let it be known in no uncertain terms to every postmaster across the length and breadth of this nation that in the area of low-numbered post-office boxes the Kennedy administration intends to remain aloof.

So far so good. While we have not a little admiration once in a while for the imaginative if not always brilliant work being performed these days in the Nation's Capital by the new government officials from the academic walks of life, it is with heartfelt gratification that we note this clear though sharp evidence of what a man from the business community, and especially from the life-insurance business community, can accomplish when faced with a ticklish situation that cries out to be struck while the iron is hot.

ENTER THE BASQUE REPUBLIC

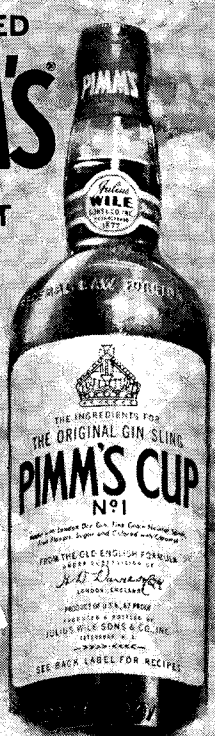
AT long last the furor over the admission of the tiny though burgeoning Republic of the Basques (or Basque Republic) not only to the community of free nations of the West but also to the United Nations, in solemn conclave assembled, is over and done with. We take this occasion to extend to the fresh little nation the warm though firm handshake of welcome. The Mayor of New York City is to be congratulated upon his ingenious gesture of extending the keys to that city not only to just the one Basque, in the person of President Zuloaga, the newly proclaimed Executive King of the Basque Republic, but to *all* Basques at yesterday's colorful ceremony at the City Hall in lower Manhattan. That the bushel basket woven in native willow by Basques in Vascongadas at the Mayor's request and flown here by jet three days ago is now filled to its brim with the keys to the city which the New York City Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity arranged to have manufactured by the W. H. Plomet Co., Inc., of Flushing, at a cost per key of only a few cents more than fifteen dollars for each key, now sits in the vestibule of City Hall, where any Basque with proper identification papers and a passport with an American visa attached to it may dip his or her hand into it under the scrutiny of the police guards after the taking of fingerprints and withdraw a key to the city, at any hour

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between 2 P.M. and 4 P.M. on odd Tuesdays, is a credit not only to the City of New York but to the United States of America as well.

When President Zuloaga arrived on the Queen Mary last Thursday and it became known that he had brought his own Rolls-Royce with him in the hold of the majestic ocean liner and that he insisted rather stubbornly on his right to make use of it in the ticker-tape parade up Broadway in lieu of the Cadillac and/or Lincoln that the New York City Department of Sanitation had already provided for that purpose, there was, to be sure, that unseemly exchange between the Eastern representatives of General Motors, the Ford Company, and the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. However, all that, along with the regrettable confusion arising over the somewhat unusual status of President Zuloaga's female companion, Miss Bootie Alava, was courageously settled by way of the happy compromise involving the use of both the Lincoln and the Cadillac as well as the Rolls-Royce, which was hastily worked out by the trouble-shooting around-the-clock State Department Crisis Team under the direction of career man Theodore C. Achilles, who, incidentally, is to be congratulated along with the Mayor of New York.

"Time heals all wounds," and vice versa, and to President Zuloaga, to Miss Alava, and to each and every one of their fellow-countrymen in faraway Basqueland, we say, once again, "Welcome!" Whatever else she may or may not be, Miss Alava bears a distinguished name, for we have only to glance back into history a few centuries to remind ourselves that in Biscay the Counts of Haro were Lords of Biscay from 1093 to 1350, that after this there was a short though uncomfortable interlude under Pedro the Cruel, that the definitive union did not take place until 1370, and that it was in Alava that the ruling power became the Confederation of Arriaga, which united the province to the crown of Castile, where the soap comes from, in 1332.

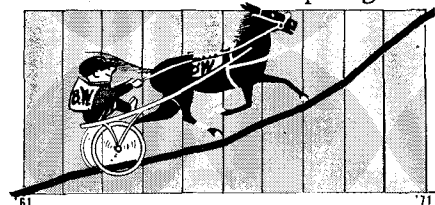
A DAY IN 1961

ON this, a day in 1961 which marks the hundred-and-eighty-fifth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration so familiar to many, including us, that it would be almost a redundancy to call it here by its full name, we think of varied things—of firecrackers and sparklers and hot dogs and chicken salad, and so on—but this year we find our mind turning to two little-known cities of our great Middle West: Inde-

Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Off and running. You've heard the argument about when a decade starts. Most people would say the 60's began last year. But purists insist there was no "Year Zero" so decades properly start with the "1" year. It now appears the U.S. economy is on their side. The "Soaring 60's" didn't get off the ground in 1960. But *now* things have started up: the market, industrial production, business' investment in capital goods.



Let it be recorded that the "Soaring 60's" took off in 1961, just as a decade should. Those companies who pulled back on their advertising reins when 1960 fizzled may find themselves behind the competitors who didn't. They'll have to start running if they want to catch up. Running ads, that is (in Business Week).

Four in a row. Speaking of growth, Economics Editor Leonard Silk has won the 1961 Loeb Award for distinguished business journalism, for last year's Special Report, "U.S. Invents a New Way to Grow." Silk's report was



later expanded into a provocative book, *The Research Revolution*, published by McGraw-Hill Book Company. This was Business Week's fourth Loeb Award in as many years.

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pendence, Kansas, and Independence, Missouri.

Independence, Kansas, is a city in the coal-oil-and-gas belt of the southeastern portion of the State of Kansas, just below the junction of the Elk and the Verdigris Rivers, and it lies between "Indenture" and "Indeterminate Equations" in the Encyclopædia Britannica. With a population of 11,565 in 1940, it shrank to 11,222 by the time the 1960 census was triumphantly performed during the administration of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

On the other hand, Independence, Missouri, is three miles south of the Missouri River, and in both winter and summer has a mean altitude of 1,000 feet. In 1831, a certain Joseph Smith, whose descendants were and are legion, selected a tract where Independence, Missouri, now stands as the site of the so-called New Jerusalem, and he was followed optimistically to the spot by no fewer than 1,500 Mormons of all sexes from Ohio. These citizens of the United States were cruelly driven out of the region by the early settlers, most of whom were by that time clean-shaven.

That sort of overt lack of hospitality could hardly occur in the case of any ethnic or religious group in this more enlightened age. Around 1867, a few families belonging to the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints settled in the same general vicinity from which the luckless Mormons had been so precipitously expelled, and they were not driven out. Why? History neglects to tell us. In any case, Independence, Missouri, was the headquarters of the wagon trains starting over the Santa Fe, the Old Salt Lake, and the Oregon Trails, and, ironically, the persecuted Mormons made use of these same trails as they proceeded slowly though surely to Utah, with nothing but their customs to comfort them on the long and doubtless delightful journey. In Utah the Mormons gradually came to discard their overoptimism and in time began to conform with the narrower and monotonous though monogamous outlook of the members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints.

And so our mind turns on this sweltering day in midsummer to the two little-known cities whose very name is: INDEPENDENCE! Long may they wave!

FROM WHERE IS THE MONEY
TO COME?

THE Governor's proposal to equip every man, woman, and child in this state with Bermuda shorts and one

polo or T shirt apiece in time for the celebration of Labor Day in September will, of course, appeal to many. It was in 1882 that the Knights of Labor, a labor organization made up of knights, first conceived the odd notion of making the first Monday in September a national holiday in honor of persons who work. During 1883 and well into 1884, the Knights of Labor were joined by other organizations in a holiday mood, and in 1887 the radically-oriented State of Oregon passed the first state law proclaiming Labor Day a day of insoluble traffic disarrangement. Other states soon followed and by 1894 Congress passed a law making the custom a national one except in the case of the State of Wyoming, where traffic consists largely of men and women on horseback, with an occasional horse-drawn "wagon" built to accommodate an entire cattle-raising family. Wyoming alone of all the United States has remained disinclined to recognize Labor Day. In view of the Governor's overgenerous proposal, we say hats off to Wyoming!

PING-PONG AT THE
WHITE HOUSE

THE installation of the ping-pong table in the basement of the White House is still another indication of the basically charming informality with which the older members of the present White House family seek to find moments of relaxation from the cares of foreign and domestic responsibilities. The "game" is sometimes known as "table tennis." Balls made of celluloid or some similarly resilient material are "batted" back and forth between two adults and sometimes between four adults if the sentiment is in favor of "doubles" and if the two additional adults are readily obtainable or available. The sound of the plywood "racquettes" coming into successive contact with these balls is what gives the "game" its name. That is to say, the sound is that of a "ping" here and a "pong" there, so that the name "ping-pong" aptly suggests the reverberating, clicking sounds made when the "athletes" are engaged in the pastime. "Scores" are kept by one or both "sides" somewhat in the fashion of lawn or clay-court tennis, so that cries of "One-love!" and "Two-all!" and so on are heard as the game progresses, in addition to the "ping" and the "pong" of the balls. Curiously enough, however, the "game" of ping-pong is by no means concluded, as in conventional tennis, when one "side" achieves four points before the other "side" achieves more than two but continues on amid cries

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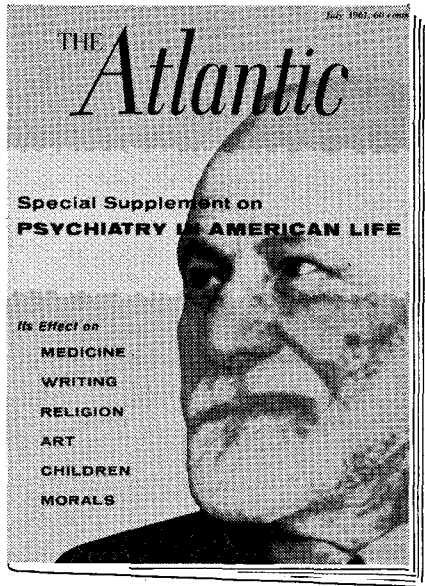
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of “Seven-six!” and “Fourteen-ten!” and such along with the “ping” and the “pong” of the balls until one or the other “side” accomplishes a total score of twenty-one. Thus the “game” of ping-pong reaches its conclusion, or climax, at the same mystical number of twenty-one that customarily marks the emergence of adolescents into the state of maturity, or coming-of-age. The balls used in ping-pong are roughly the size of a crab apple. No doubt this innocent though not uncomplicated pastime will be adopted by both young and old among those inclined toward frivolity and we shall overnight have yet another “fad” in full cry across the length and breadth of this nation. Well, ping-pong is as ping-pong does, so to speak. Far be it from us to frown on a pastime, however unfamiliar if not downright weird it may seem. Happy “hitting,” Mr. and Mrs. President!

THE SWAMP IN SPRING

AT this occasionally uncomfortable season of the year, it is well to remember that spring was with us only a little over three months ago, when April showers were making the May flowers that in another few months—“if winter comes”—will all be dead and also gone. The ways of Nature, like other facts of Life, are not always what we would like them to be, but, as Thoreau aptly wrote long ago at Walden Pond, “Dogwood comes as well as goes.” Out back of our modest hacked-level dwelling, good location, 1½ b’t’h, br’z’way, conv. sch’ls, in the suburbs of this city, is an area of damp earth that is incessantly marshy except during severe droughts, and in March of this very year we contemplated that expanse once again, as is our wont. We observed the wreaths of dry honeysuckle and wild yams clambering over the alders and ragweed on the swamp edge where the toads congregate among the sharp green awls of skunk cabbage emerging from the wet mud, where spring beauty would soon be blossoming white and pink, and our thoughts dwelt idly though hopefully on the approaching first days of spring and on the first and second mortgages. And so, at this season of the year, it is well to look forward or else backward, unless one is enjoying a vacation in a cool climate, and to remember that when the icy stillness and deep snows of February descend upon us a few months hence, we will hark back wistfully to the warmth of July, sustained also by visions of what is to come only a short while after the slush—the swamp in spring!

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

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RANDOM HOUSE

BOOKS

Southern Comfort

FROM time to time the critical columns of one publication or another are given over to broad views of contemporary literature. Learned men choose up sides and debate such matters as "Is the novel worse than ever before, or is it only better? Is the novel dying? Is it already stone-dead?" These are large and stirring questions, to which many of us would like to see conclusive answers before we die. While we wait, we might usefully put in our time by pondering a lesser puzzle; namely, is the reading of current fiction as much fun as it might be for that patient and indispensable companion of letters, the common reader? I suspect that, on the whole, it is not. To be sure, the common reader has small ground for complaining that novelists have been neglecting the serious side of his nature. There is no conspicuous shortage of writers to wag the admonitory finger under the reader's nose and severely recommend that he change his sexual habits, his religious nature, or his awful middle-class outlook on things. Likewise, there is no lack of novelists who are eager to depict, with a maximum of thorny artistry, man in confrontation with destiny, often in the shape of sodomy, incest, the suburbs, and death. Ability delights, and when such works are the product of a strong talent, the reader will imbibe enjoyment with his edification. But not every writer who knows how to spell "fate" is equally qualified to enlarge one's sense of the term, and it frequently does happen that the common reader finds himself addressed on vast matters by an intelligence and sensibility even coarser than his poor own. There is not much fun in this. Is it any wonder, then, that so many readers turn for amusement to detective stories, science fiction, and other varieties of unabashed non-literature? Surely the most conspicuous, if not the most consequential, shortcoming of current fiction is the scar-

city of novels that can lightly engage one's attention without as lightly losing one's respect, novels in which an able literary intelligence is directed entirely to the giving of pleasure. To discover such a book is to recognize its rarity. Having recently discovered Robert Lewis Taylor's "A Journey to Matecumbe" (McGraw-Hill), I am hard put to it to think of a worthy immediate predecessor. Mr. Taylor's novel appears to have been written purely for the hell of it, and ought to be read for the same excellent reason. It is a refreshment without in the least being a confection.

The narrator of the work is called Davey Burnie. He is a Finnish lad of thirteen (that is to say, a *Huckleberry* Finnish lad) who lives in a small Southern town on the Mississippi in the years just following the Civil War. With a literary skill remarkable in one who professes a perfect abhorrence of the life of the mind, he plunges the reader directly into the bounding stream of the narrative, dashes him along from crisis to crisis, and generally keeps him cheerfully immersed for a total of four hundred and eighteen pages. The first

crisis arises when Davey's Uncle Jim, who is the very pattern of a gentleman adventurer, chooses to intervene in a midnight proceeding of the Ku Klux Klan. Uninvited, Davey declares himself a co-interventionist, and the result of the skirmish is not only that three Klansmen are shot and the remainder of the party is scattered but that the entire Invisible Empire of the South swears horrible vengeance on Davey and his Uncle Jim. With commendable prudence, the pair flee down the Mississippi in a skiff, bound for the Florida Keys, where, according to a map in Uncle Jim's possession, a pirate treasure is buried. Presently they are obliged to stop for supplies in a seedy little river town in Arkansas. The local members of the Klan have been apprised of their existence, but the cool, aristocratic bearing of Jim, his facility with gentlemanly insult, and his demonstrated prowess with a revolver combine to keep the hooligans at a distance. Indeed, Jim finds it possible not only to cover his own leisurely retreat from the place but to rescue an elderly purveyor of bogus medicine, Ewing T. Snodgrass, togeth-



"I'll put it this way—if your positions were reversed, do you think they'd be tossing you beefsteaks?"

JAPANESE MAIDS

“The first time you find yourself in your room in a Japanese inn surrounded by giggling maids who are taking your clothes off is a moment to be remembered. If your adaptation reflexes are in order, this is the moment you take a deep breath and make the fastest re-evaluation of attitudes you have ever made. Also, how are you to know that the giggling of those pretty little maids is not because they have you at their mercy? They giggle all the time, and at practically anything, but you do not discover this until later.”

Holiday, February 1960

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

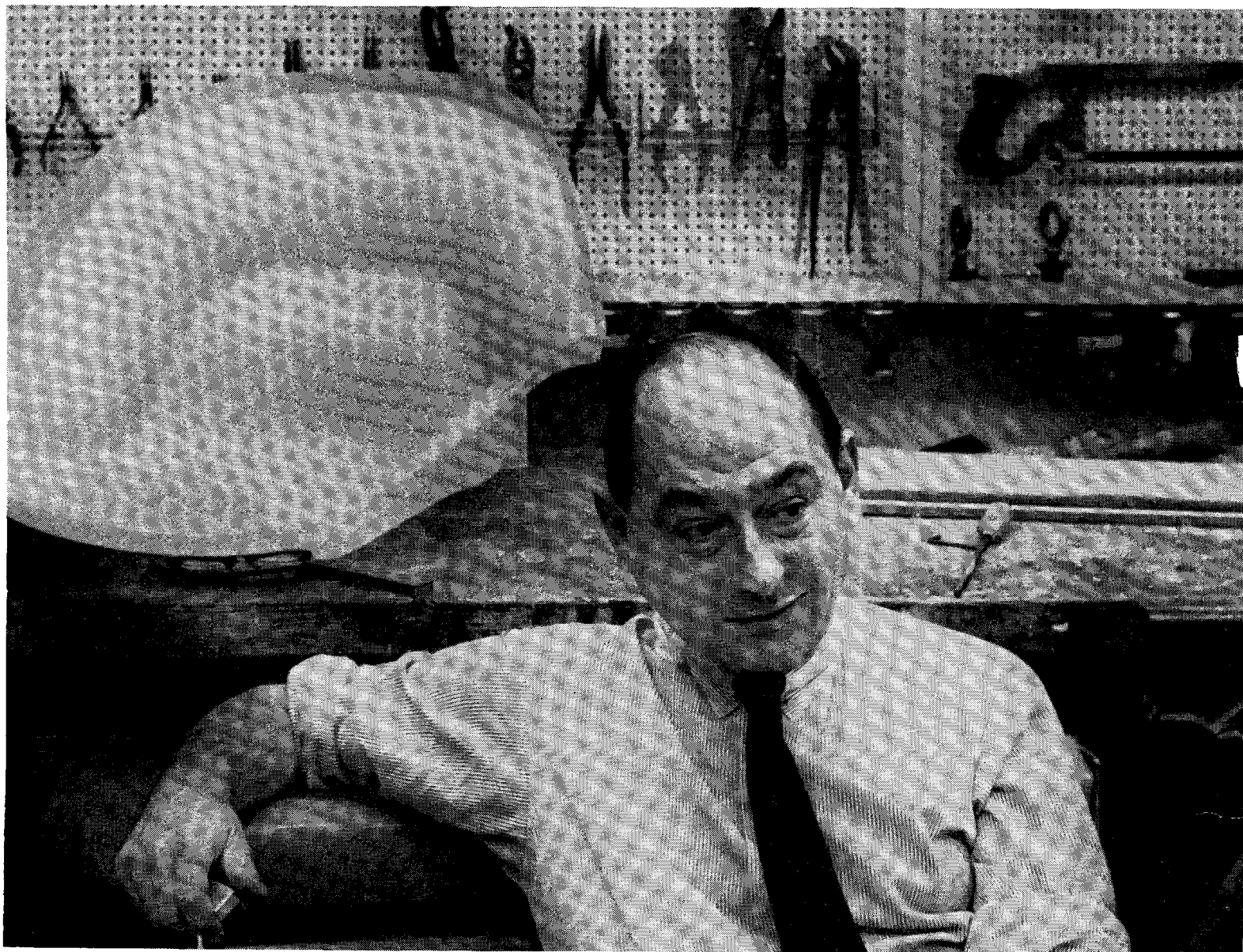
“The layman’s notion of American architecture is generally determined by irrelevant factors. New York’s Woolworth Building was once considered great, but what gave it its reputation was its height combined with excellent publicity. Mount Vernon... when viewed as architecture, turns out to be a pretty tiresome and mediocre affair. Even the Lincoln Memorial, for which I feel a strong though guilty liking, is slightly ludicrous when one stops to consider that it was designed in Greek style, which is, after all, a silly way to do a 20th Century building.”

Holiday, July 1961

RUSSIAN CHILDREN

“In the toy department (of Moscow’s biggest store) there were mechanical toys, construction sets, plastic model kits, but, surprisingly, not a single war toy... When I asked a Russian acquaintance about it he recoiled — literally — at the idea of children playing with models of weapons and asserted that if any Soviet factory made the unlikely error of manufacturing these murderous implements, they would be removed from the stores by an outraged citizenry.”

Holiday, January 1961



GEORGE NELSON, PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HOLIDAY BY BURT GLINN

GEORGE NELSON has been called a true Renaissance man. He does so many things so exceptionally well. He is known internationally as an architect and designer. To the audience of *Holiday Magazine* he is also known as a sensitive and articulate writer. His forte is modern living at home, but his artistic perception puts a host of subjects into a new, more human light, some evidence of which is above. *Holiday* has a knack for discovering such writers. Their brilliant talents provide stimulating reading for more than 900,000 active and intelligent families—and, in turn, profitable results for thousands of advertisers. **HOLIDAY MAGAZINE**

DREAMS

"The center of every man's existence is a dream," said G. K. Chesterton. And judging by our experience, he was probably right.

Financially speaking, sometimes the dream is a modest one—a cottage small by a waterfall or a book of verses underneath the bough. More often it's a dream about a comfortable standard of living plus college for the children and security in retirement, with an occasional spree thrown in for good measure. And occasionally it's a dream of what Dr. Johnson called "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

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er with his lovely young daughter, Millie, who likewise stand in imminent danger of mob violence. As the augmented party takes its unhurried departure, Jim delivers himself of a few parting shots, both revolvular and verbal:

"Aren't you a brave lot of scoundrels?" he said, looking them over slowly. "And wouldn't it have been an accomplishment to tar and feather a helpless old man and a young girl in her teens? It makes me sick to look at you. I've been in a tolerable number of towns in my day—north, south, east, and west, as well as Mexico and points below—but this pimple on the posterior of the universe strikes the lowest note in my experience. If you want a suggestion, take a leaf from history. Follow the example of Caesar when he left Carthage. Don't just haul down the buildings—plough the ground up and salt it. No, don't thank me," he said to a fellow that was about to speak up and do no such thing—"anybody would tell you the same."

After a few more chapters of adventurous wandering, in which the redoubtable Dr. Snodgrass manages to sell gallons of bottled river water and several gross of lensless spectacles, the little group pauses for a time at a plantation called Belle Mead, which is owned



by Paxton Farrow, a comrade of Jim's from the Mexican War. Here the author settles down, with evident relish, to the amiable task of curdling the reader's blood. "They's trouble in this house, honey. Bad trouble," Davey is told almost at once by Zebediah, a perceptive Negro servant who accompanies Jim and Davey in their wanderings. His diagnosis is confirmed by the dinner party that evening, during which the inhabitants of Belle Mead betray great uneasiness and Paxton Farrow throws an epileptic fit. Shortly thereafter, Jim finds occasion to draw Davey aside and whisper, "Be at Zeb's shack at midnight. Tell Dr. Snodgrass and Millie. I'll join you there. *On no account permit yourselves to be seen.*" Huddled over a shrouded lamp in the shack, the wanderers are told by Jim, "with a thrill of excitement in his voice," that their host "*is not Paxton Farrow at all.*" As the adventurers speculate upon this mystery, a faint sound is heard at the door. Jim leaps boldly into the darkness, but the eavesdropper has evaporated into "a patter of running feet—bare, it sounded like."

There begins a game of cat-and-mouse with the false Paxton Farrow. An old servant who remembers the family in the days "befo' they fit de Yankees" relates a dreadful tale of dynastic chicanery, despite his glum conviction that the villains "git me sure. I daid, too, now." No sooner have Davey

and Zebediah absorbed the fearful story than they are seized and flogged by the relentless pseudo-Farrow, who has joined forces with the pursuing Klansmen. The plot and its accompanying atmospherics increasingly thicken. There is a frightful storm, considerable prowling around the mansion at the witching hour, the creak of boards, a sudden whiff of cigar smoke in a dark hallway, and—worst of all—the ghostly strains of a jew's-harp in an abandoned wing of Belle Mead. There is also, ultimately, the triumphant encounter with a contingent of the villains, and a hopeless case of leprosy to generally round off the episode. Throughout this recital, the author hovers gleefully on the verge not of parody, certainly, but of a knowing, affectionate foolery. He does not mock the genre but instead extracts the utmost fun from it.

One might think, at the conclusion of the Belle Mead passage, that Mr. Taylor has provided enough excitement for one novel, however adventurous.

He has, however, scarcely begun. For the travellers are once more put to flight by a strong and malevolent villainy, and proceed to work their way, by perilous stages, out of Twain country altogether and into the new State of Florida. They encounter scoundrels, scalawags, Indians (both good and bad), an empty treasure chest, a hardy and vivacious Southern belle, a hurricane, Cuban smugglers, misanthropes, humanitarians, alligators, mosquitoes, and a snake sixty feet long. Whenever he is not engaged in hanging his characters from a cliff, Mr. Taylor finds occasion to relate a great deal of factual, fascinating, and conceivably useful information on such matters as the customs of Seminoles, the tribulations of early railroads in Florida, the proper and improper ways to extract salt from sea water, and the actual meaning of the symbols that pirates employed to indicate the location of buried loot. So rich, indeed, is the lode of fact in the novel that Mr. Taylor has thoughtfully provided a bibliography to direct his interested reader to the possibly more erudite but certainly less engrossing pages of, among other publications, the "Engineers' Report to the Navigation and Hydraulic Company of the Mississippi Rapids." —DONALD MALCOLM

David Davenport's lyrics are occasionally careless (St. Sebastian was not stoned, nor is Piran Dello any longer avant-garde).—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

He is as far as we're concerned.

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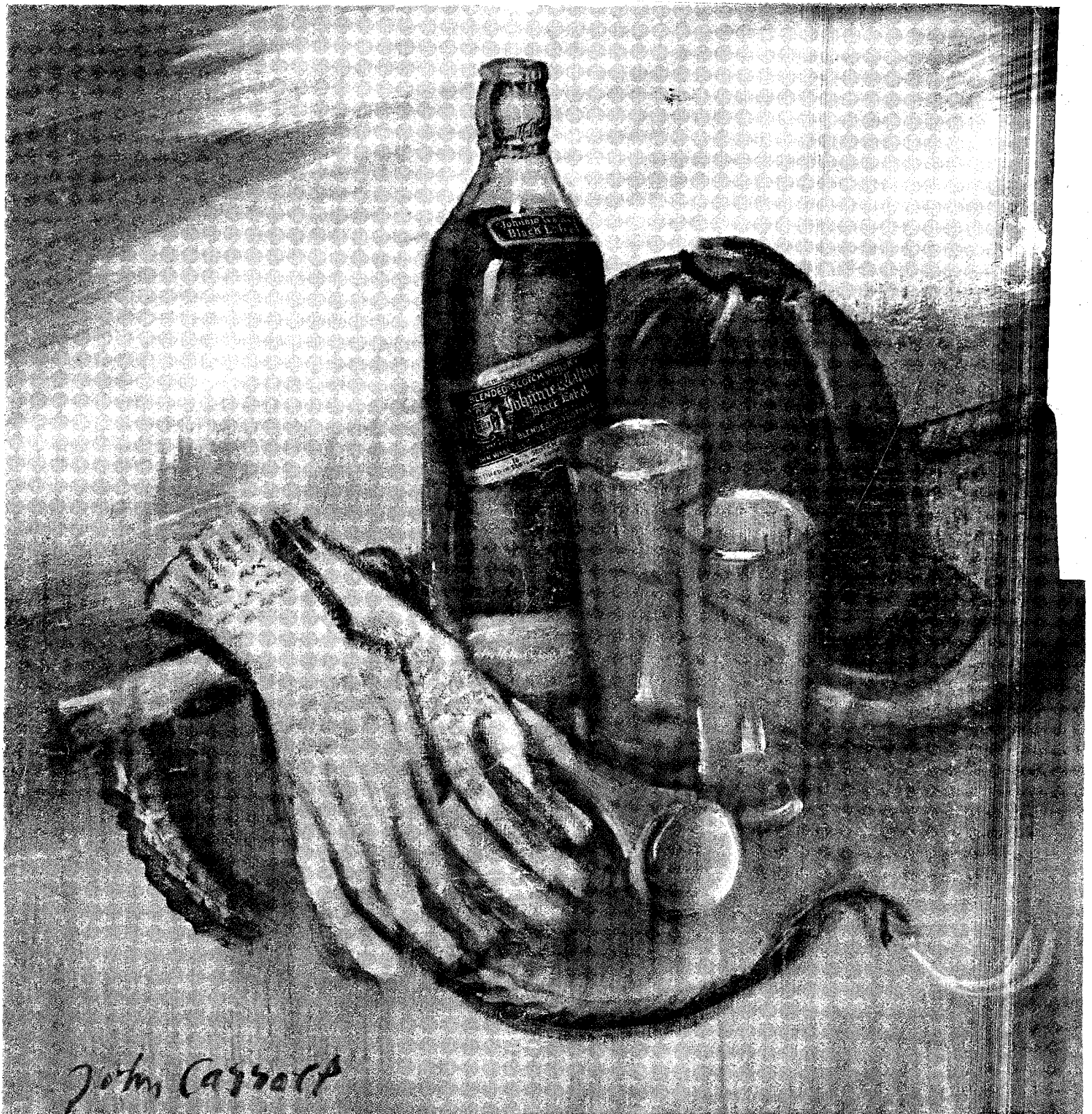


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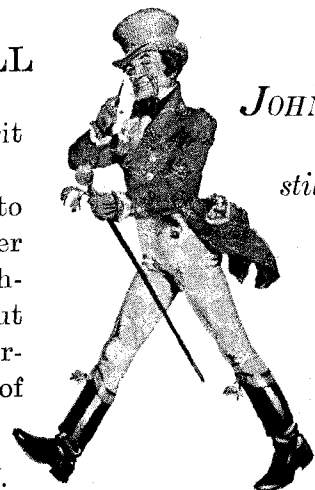


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